THE FUTURE OF USA-USSR RELATIONS BY EARL BROWDER

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"How are we doing, Neville?"

In This Issue: *For Want of a Plan, by Bruce Minton; Myron Taylor's Visit to the Vatican, by Claude Cockburn; What the Primaries Revealed, by A. B. Magil; Inflation: Facts vs. Nonsense, by Lyle Dowling.*

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CHALLENGE TO

They need to speak up on the crucial

THERE was a strange rendezvous of two Americans in the Red Square of Moscow last week. During his tour of that unconquerable city, so the press reported, Mr. Wendell Willkie was shown the shaded spot alongside Lenin's tomb where John Reed lies buried.

WE DO not know what passed through the mind of Mr. Willkie, who saw for himself the strength and purpose of the Soviet people, that same strength and purpose which John Reed came to know a quarter of a century ago. But at least he must have paused for a moment on the fact that whatever else John Reed stood for, he stood for a fundamental understanding between his own, the American nation, and Soviet Russia. John Reed was among the first, with Lincoln Steffens, Raymond Robins, and that great military man, the late Maj. Gen. William S. Graves, to say out loud that the future depended on how well Russia and America came to understand each other.

And whatever else he was, John Reed was an intellectual, a man from the world of education, the arts and letters, a man of ideas. In his generation he was probably among the most successful in solving the basic problem that faces all men of his kind: he fought and overcame those tendencies which tried to drive him into isolationist irresponsibility toward what was happening around him, whether in the textile mills of New Jersey, the hills of Mexico's revolution, the great agony of a new world being born in Moscow. Reed solved the problem of integration with his fellow-men. More than most of his class at Harvard, he was able to place his talents at the service of his fellow-men, which is the basic satisfaction and fulfillment for the intellectual of our time.

Every generation has to solve these tasks all over again. It is in fact the great challenge to American intellectuals that at this moment of the war's crisis, large numbers have not yet spoken up—loud and clear—on the second front. They who are the most articulate, and have such opportunities for public expression, for service to their fellow-men, have yet to speak up.

THE war is rocking back and forth, not only under the frenzied blows of the fascist monster, who has concentrated his barbaric fury at the forty-mile river side of Stalingrad, but it is also rocking—and the whole earth trembles—because the great alliance of democratic nations and peoples, which is the single most precious instrument we have for winning this war, is facing its gravest crisis.

While superficially it may appear to be a difference of opinion as to method, it is really a crisis in the very *essence* of the struggle. It is really an issue of whether the war is going to be fought through to victory in the reasonably near future, at a minimum of cost, or whether we are to go through years more of tortuous muddling and gambling, the most likely outcome of which would not be victory at all but a stalemate leading to negotiated peace, and this under the auspices of the most dangerous, reactionary elements in the western world.

It is a question of whether we shall try to fight—"with due respect to existing obligations," cautiously, hesitatingly, dampening and controlling the ardor of our people—and lose just as we lost in France and Burma and Malaya and Norway, or whether we shall fight in the spirit of the "century of the common man," boldly, in the spirit of everything that is tough, uncompromising, and healthy in our tradition. One course leads through disappointment, demoralization, back to Munich. The other course leads through the regenerating fires of fearful struggle to victory.

THIS is not, therefore, a difference of opinion with Russia on matters of semantics, on the interpretation of a phrase in the June 11th communique. It is not a question of whose interests are involved—the second front is not solely a Russian interest any more than the Eastern Front is simply the Soviet Union's front. Among the really significant things that Wendell Willkie said during his Moscow visit was that the front at Stalingrad was just as much American and British as it was Russian, for this is a global war. Similarly the second front issue is not, as the New York *Times* still tries to make it, a partisan question, one in which the concern of the Communists with it somehow makes it less an interest for the whole nation. And the ones who can help make these things clear—before the widest public—are the men and women from the world of education, the professions, arts, and letters. Their voice has not yet been heard in anything like the volume that it can and must be heard.

THIS is not to say that the labor movement has been alone in pressing the second front campaign. On the contrary, there have been many strong voices—for example, such diverse columnists as Samuel Grafton and Dorothy Thompson—who have for many weeks now pointed out the crisis within the coalition of democratic powers and urged that, for our own sakes, the crisis must be resolved.

Last week, in a discussion of the Tory calculus in the war, in the *New Republic,* Bruce Bliven came forward unmistakably for a much larger public demand: "There are many thousands of people all over the world who believe that to win this war in a reasonable time and with the least possible sacrifice of men and materials, it

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INTELLECTUALS

issue of the second front. An editorial.

must become what it is sometimes now called, a true world-wide fight for democracy. . . . These voices will not be silenced by Shakespearian periods. They will not be downed by the contemptuous statements of military experts that they do not understand the art of war. I am no prophet," Bliven concludes, "but I believe they will continue to rise in a swelling tide until they drown out the nostalgic spokesmen for the past. . . ."

And Freda Kirchwey in the *Nation* for the same week, while considerably more tentative than Mr. Bliven, nevertheless asks the key question ". . . not how many men would be killed if an invasion were launched this fall, but rather, would not the cost be still greater and the chance of success still smaller next spring when Hitler may have stabilized the Russian front and shifted a large part of his army to the west?"

And there were some 500 outstanding writers who responded to the League of American Writers' call ten days ago, and joined the second front movement. Among them were such Pulitzer prize winners as Julia Peterkin, Maud Howe Elliott, Robert Hillyer, and such diverse intellectuals as Arthur Garfield Hays, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Pitirim Sorokin, Matthew Josephson.

But the fact remains that by and large the intellectual world has hardly done its share. Not enough by any means in the face of the urgency of the hour and the magnitude of the issue.

WHERE is the great movement that grew up for Spain? Where are all those men and women of the theater arts, the clergymen, educators, professionals of every kind who did so creditably in the great fight for the life of the Spanish republic?

What was it after all that roused us then? It was the immortal contempt for the enemy and death in the eyes of the *miliciano*. It was the vision of the young girls shouldering rifles for the first time, the peasant boys streaming down the dusty roads to defend their soil and their republic. It was the great odds at which the people of Spain fought and died. Yes, it was all these things, but it was also the recognition of Americans deep down that this was our fight, that to fight for Spain meant to crush the viper before he gathered his coils round all of Europe, and to crush the viper meant to spare our own country from Spain's bitter ordeal.

There was a goodly body of American intellectuals who sided with the Soviet Union in the effort to prevent this war; how terribly true we realize it to be today that had Russia and America gotten together in those years, the whole course of history would have been changed. There was a considerable body of American intellectuals who turned away from cooperation with the Soviet Union in 1939, who tried to find some way of realizing a people's war without her. How clear it is today that the effort did not succeed; the great democratizing platform on which both nations stand today is capable of rallying humanity everywhere *only* because *both* nations are in it, because they stand together, and only when they stand together can all of them move forward. Is it not obvious that the delay in opening the second front, the effort of the defeatist and neo-Munich press to repudiate the second front is nothing but an effort to destroy the great relation between America and Russia, which has transformed the atmosphere in these last fifteen months, electrified the world with its promise of victory and better days to come?

THERE has been a wide discussion of postwar problems among intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic, perhaps a more extensive and abstract discussion than the urgency of the war allowed, but a real discussion nonetheless. There have been proposals for Anglo-American union; there have been objections, such as those of Pearl Buck that peace without equality for China and India has no meaning in the Far East; there have been objections such as those of Frederick L. Schuman that Anglo-American cooperation which ignores Russia, China, India, is doomed to a paltry disappointment.

There have been other speculations, for example, the issue which perplexes many intellectuals: the issue of how the flaming nationalism which the struggle against Hitler has stirred in every land shall be integrated with the larger needs of collective security . . . all this discussion—some of it idle, in our opinion, some of it fruitful—what happens to it all unless some really workable relationship with the Soviet Union matures in the process of fighting and winning this war? Is it not obvious that just as winning the war depends upon deepening relations with Russia in common struggle—the second front—so the winning of the peace depends upon deepening those relations. And unless they are deepened, isn't it clear that postwar problems are certain to be stormier, more difficult, perhaps dashing all the hopes of so many honest men and women who have been thinking about the peace? Is it not obvious that the prerequisite of a genuine peace is a genuine collaboration for war—the opening of a front in Europe now?

ON ALL these grounds, the people who have not yet spoken, who have hesitated to face the issue, must come forward and see the thing plain, and say it plain. Wendell Willkie suggested that the military men have to be prodded a bit; a second front next summer might be too late. Intellectuals in every walk of life need prodding too. John Reed would have seen that clearly. The issue is in the balance. It is in these next days that "public prodding" can alter the whole course of the war.

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FOR WANT OF A PLAN

Needed: an over-all perspective on war production. Manpower, raw materials, and contracts — how much, where and when? Confusion in the WPB.

Washington.

"The chaos in war production today is but the sign of that difficult change-over from one set of economic rules to another which is still imperfectly comprehended, and which cannot be comprehended in terms of the old economy which is left behind. . . . It is literally true that for maximum war production every phase of the national economy must be planned, must be guided, must be brought under administrative control. . . ." Earl Browder in a speech before the New York State Convention of the Communist Party, Aug. 29, 1942.

WHAT was the situation in late September 1942? How far has America progressed on the road to a total war economy? Several days ago Donald Nelson announced various shake-ups in the War Production Board. These shifts were greeted as steps in the direction of over-all planning.

But is the nation solving its production difficulties? Any answer must consider the production effort as a whole, since all parts are interrelated and of equal importance—that much is axiomatic. Should one section falter, the entire production schedule is thrown off balance, and is in danger of stalling. None of the three broad categories of the production setup can be neglected: neither (1) the control and distribution of raw materials (administered by Donald Nelson's War Production Board); nor (2) the control and allocation of manpower (administered by Paul V. McNutt's War Manpower Commission); nor (3) the granting and supervision of contracts (administered by the procurement offices of the armed forces and the Maritime Commission).

Capacity output presupposes a planned perspective based on a firm knowledge of requirements—how much, where, and when. With the goal determined, production can be adjusted to meet these requirements through correct scheduling both with respect to delivery times and the amounts to be produced. Of course, mere letting of contracts does not end the process. Obviously only vigorous supervision can remedy lags and obstruction.

RECENTLY the House Tolan committee held hearings on the relationship of manpower to war production. The testimony was of utmost significance in judging the extent to which the nation's war production has been scientifically plotted with the object of utilizing to the full our industrial potential. But the facts showed that up to now the armed services, which must decide what materiel is needed and in what quantities, have failed to state their requirements in any detail. Instead of going to WPB and saying "Here, these orders must be delivered on these dates in these exact amounts," the procurement offices clamor for more and more—well, they haven't yet decided the quantities or the specifications. They instruct WPB to give planes A-A-1 priorities, and they set ratings on other materiel. But more precise, procurement authorities refuse to be.

Thus, without definite foreknowledge of military requirements, WPB launches what it calls an "all-out" production program with only nebulous objectives. Handicapped from the start, WPB directors further discover that they lack knowledge of what machines and tools are at their disposal. Failure to plan in the past (William Knudsen, during OPM days, scoffed at an inventory of the nation's machine tools), now results in WPB ignorance of the number and location of machines, their capacity, the inventories of raw materials on hand, the supplies of raw materials coming in, and the manpower resources to be mobilized. Instead of carefully planning production—and the limitless appetite of total war strains every resource, every energy—WPB resorts to buying and selling guns and planes as though the country's economy continued along normal patterns. WPB functions as if all it had to do was to put up the money and war production would automatically flow in satisfactory volume from the factories to the battlefronts. In practice, however, demand expressed by signed contracts and money appropriations no longer determines supplies.

The WPB—and the OPM before it—at times grudgingly admitted that ordinary production methods were outdated. Hence the system of priorities which supposedly "planned" the distribution of materials by giving preference to manufacturers of war materiel over manufacturers of consumption goods, and which awarded higher ratings to producers of essential arms, like planes, tanks, ships, and guns, over producers of less vital articles, like canteens and buttons. But priorities took into account neither the amount of materials needed to fill orders nor the time the orders should be filled. A manufacturer of bicycles fortunate enough to wangle a priority order could thereupon buy enough steel to manufacture a battleship (if he had the influence to obtain the steel in the first place and the money to pay for it). Yet he couldn't be sure of obtaining every type of material he needed for the production of even one bicycle. Nor did priorities bind the manufacturer to deliver bicycles on any specified date. Priorities amounted to an evasion. Ratings were granted without reference to supplies; when priority orders, solemnly handed out by WPB, were added together, the sum total amounted to 150 percent of all the materials that could possibly be scraped together.

Priorities, then, were meaningless—and worse, they were dangerously misleading. Priorities hampered production, promising much and delivering little—a "Guns in the Sky" program. Latterly, WPB has shown an inclination to get rid of the old priority system: it now puts time limits and amount limits on those priority orders still granted, and it promises soon to eliminate priority ratings altogether. Very recently Donald Nelson appointed Ferdinand Eberstadt to head WPB's Requirements Board. The task of this board is to allocate raw materials.

AS A first step WPB has been sending questionnaires—called a Production Requirements Plan (PRP)—to all contract holders. Each producer is instructed to report progress on contracts to date, and the amount yet unfilled, as well as to record the inventory of materials in his possession, and the amount and kind of materials needed to complete present contracts. But just as in the case of priorities, it is frankly admitted that when all the PRP's are added together, the asked-for raw materials will be about double what is available. The Requirements Board under Mr. Eberstadt will then have to divide up the raw materials it commands among the contracting agencies—a slice each will go to the Maritime Commission, to civilian supply, to manufacturers of airplanes, to ordnance, to lend-

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lease, to quartermaster, to the Navy, and so on. Each slice will necessarily be smaller than the agencies' stated needs. The board will decide who gets how much, supposedly on the basis of urgency.

Here another hitch develops—a hitch that is the result of planlessness—since the armed forces profess no clear idea of what is urgent and what isn't. On this basis, allocations cannot be made with any certainty. It appears that the cure for the weak priority system is not much better than the disease. Moreover, each agency receiving a slice of the Requirements Board's raw materials must divide its share among its own contractors. Ordnance, for example, must allocate to the manufacturers of guns and tanks and shells. Yet without knowledge of military perspectives, how does the ordnance divison decide where to concentrate materials? To make matters worse, contracts already awarded to producers contain no bill of material requirements, and no production time schedule. As a result the ordnance department, like all other agencies, has no criterion whereby to judge how much should go to various contractors.

Call it what you will, the WPB's methods are not planning. Rather, they result in an elaborate game of jockeying, robbing Peter to pay Paul, borrowing from one hand to supply the other, never knowing where production stands or how effectively to increase levels. Chaos begets chaos—at the expense of the all-out production imperative for waging total war.

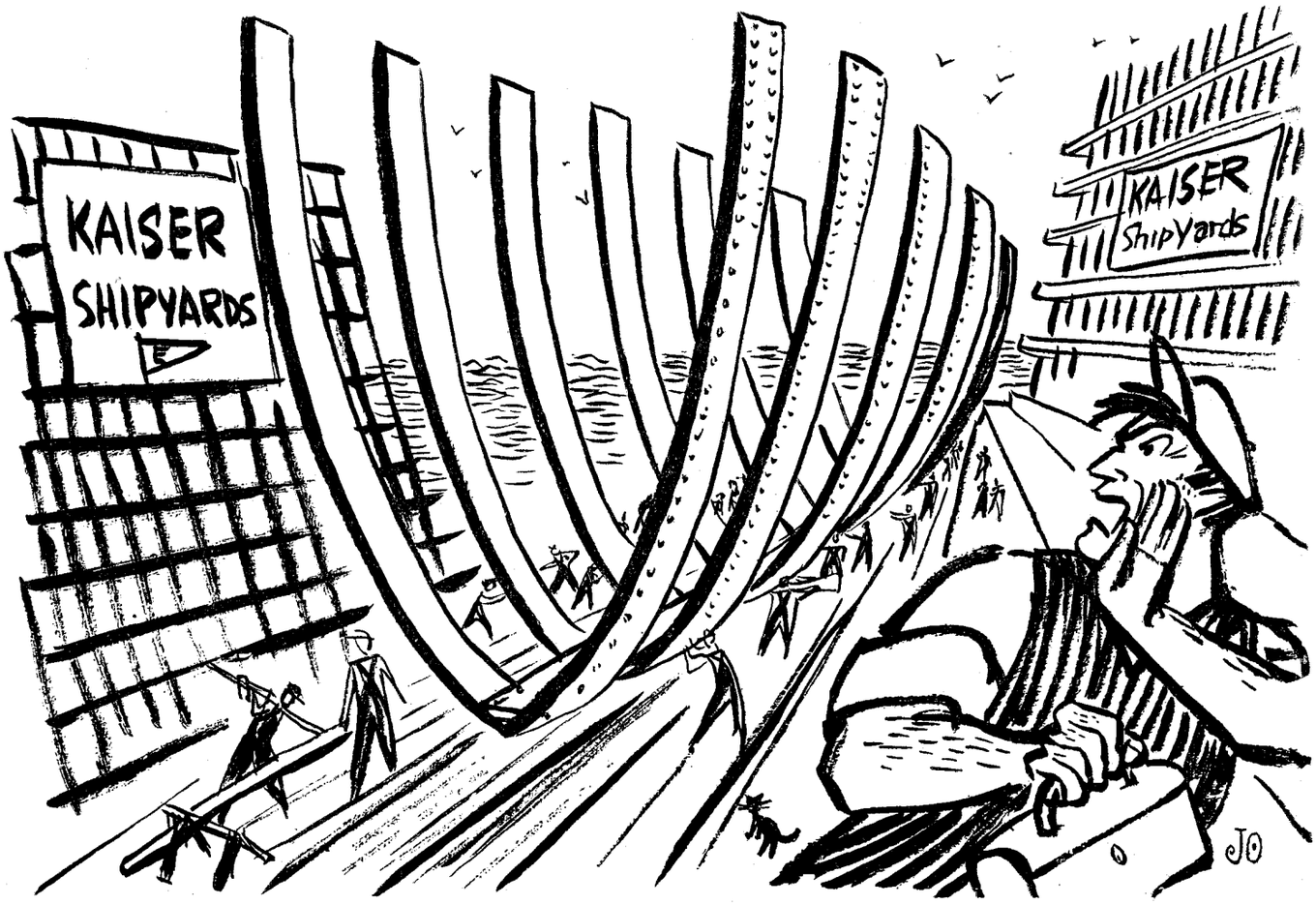
FROM the armed services' initial unsureness of what they want and when, the story becomes a version of the old nursery rhyme about the missing horseshoe nail. It is clear enough that WPB has no basis for determining what to produce, where and in what quantities to allot war materials. Furthermore, without precise production schedules, no meaningful program is possible for the mobilization of manpower. A flood of press releases and talk about "solutions" to the manpower problem has inundated Washington; but discussion (and legislation like that proposed by Senator Hill) lacks content if the where and how and when of manpower remain undetermined. Planning can't proceed in a vacuum, or on a piecemeal basis without reference to production in its entirety. Manpower mobilization depends first on ascertaining the course and manner of production, as well as the numbers of men to be drafted by selective service in the next months. The solution to the manpower dilemma has too frequently been sought in compulsion; what can compulsion accomplish so long as production is erratic and aimless? In emphasizing the interrelation between manpower and production, the Tolan committee pointed out in its Fifth Interim Report: "The more pressure there is for compulsion of workers among existing circumstances, the more likely it will be that our production program is faltering. . . . Use of compulsion . . . is, in the estimation of this committee, a confession of weakness and inadequacy . . . compulsion, whether applied by the civilian or military authorities, is not a cure-all which will enable manpower to be mobilized on the necessary scale."

Directors of decisive war agencies testified before the Tolan committee to the planlessness that has bogged down production:

James P. Mitchell, director of Civilian Personnel, War Department: "We have no mechanism for determining the total labor requirements of the country. In fact, it seems to me that there is a need, a very definite need, for an over-all agency which concerns itself with the total labor problem."

Maj.-Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director, Selective Service: "There has got to be an over-all determination of the type of war that we are going to fight."

Wendell Lund, director, Labor Production Division, WPB: "First, it is vitally important for us to have a clear and effective procurement policy which recognizes the absolute necessity of distributing war supply contracts, so as to utilize all of our



"Don't finish this ship before I get back from lunch."

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untapped or partially tapped manpower supply. . . . We are wasting scarce natural resources because of our failure adequately to plan the distribution of our gigantic supply program."

Donald Nelson, director, WPB: "There is no such thing as a blueprint. Conditions change, the whole thing changes overnight. We have got to be prepared and flexible for these changes. That is war. . . . I think the whole question of scheduling is probably the most important single problem ahead of us."

Paul V. McNutt, director, War Manpower Commission: "He [General Hershey, Selective Service] gets his requirements from the military authorities. He has to get his men. At the same time he gets from us the requirements of the other side, that is, for the production lines."

Rep. John H. Tolan, chairman, in summation: "Mr. McNutt recognized that without adequate information he could not properly plan manpower for industry's needs. . . . The fact that there is no final authority to decide between military and industrial manpower needs makes Mr. McNutt's job of planning industrial manpower without the benefit of a detailed production schedule doubly difficult. . . . The committee was unable to find out with whom responsibility for detailed production scheduling for each war industry rested. It was not clear whether the War Production Board itself through a group of production engineers or whether the armed services or whether the industries themselves would be responsible for this detailed scheduling of war production in the plants. . . ."

For all the tentative acknowledgment by the war agencies themselves that planning is imperative, little progress has been made so far. Mr. Nelson's reshuffling of WPB's personnel and organization cannot be accepted as satisfactory, any more than schedules set up by one group or by one WPB division can substitute for an over-all, interrelated plan jointly evolved and administered by representatives of the entire production apparatus—including every facet of procurement, civilian supply, manpower, raw materials. Mr. Nelson has been content to superimpose boards on boards, czars on other czars. No amount of superstructure or grants of power can answer the urgent need for a carefully mapped course designating where we are bound and how to get there.

The appointment of William M. Jeffers as rubber czar is a case in point. The output of synthetic rubber depends on stocks of oil and alcohol—according to the process used—and the limited supplies of oil and alcohol, as well as of materials that will go into building synthetic rubber plants, are also needed for many other vital war products. Mr. Jeffers has no definite authority to determine what synthetic process shall be favored; he is restricted in his power to order expansion of synthetic rubber production or any alteration of present methods, or even to oust the Standard Oil Co. from its inside track. Without authority, Mr. Jeffers cannot plan successfully. And without planning he cannot solve the nation's rubber difficulties.

Similarly, Mr. Nelson's designation of Charles E. Wilson as WPB vice-chairman in charge of production is no assurance that exact production schedules will be drawn up. Finally the Requirements Board, under Ferdinand Eberstadt, can accomplish nothing significant until policy is indicated on how and where raw materials should be allocated—and this in turn depends on production schedules keyed to the still undetermined needs of the armed forces.

Mr. Nelson promised to get "tough." To date, he has merely rearranged the already intricate and unwieldy WPB. To be sure, factories turn out planes and tanks and other war materiel in large quantities compared to pre-Pearl Harbor figures. But these quantities are far short of the amounts to be had from *total* production for *total* war. Lack of balance, often bemoaned by Mr. Nelson, continues: plane bodies, for example, pile up in factory yards awaiting instruments or engines. Raw material shortages have become aggravated. Even present production levels are endangered by dislocations resulting from inadequate planning. Certainly production cannot be materially increased, and serious breakdowns at crucial moments cannot be avoided, by recourse to brave words, to frequent WPB "reorganizations," and to the prevailing competition among war agencies which favors one group or another at the expense of the whole.

Critics of the present setup (and criticism comes from organized labor, from congressional investigating committees, from win-the-war spokesmen who desire a complete and speedy victory over the Axis), agree that careful planning can achieve the following results:

(1) The armed services can set precise goals for production, subject of course to necessary changes.

(2) Precise knowledge can be gathered of raw material resources, of machines, and of manpower.

(3) Production schedules can take into account the materials, machines, and manpower at hand, with time limits set for deliveries.

(4) Once scheduled, production can be strictly supervised so that schedules will surely be fulfilled.

(5) Surplus inventories, that is, hoarded stocks of steel, copper, aluminum, and other scarce materials, can be recaptured immediately.

(6) Contracts can be spread so that every machine, every resource, every worker is brought fully into production.

(7) Contracts can be so worded to eliminate employer practices not consistent with all-out production. This includes the recapture of hoarded workers, the reduction of overstaffed factories (where employers force workers to idle rather than risk future labor shortages), the end to discriminatory hiring practices, the orderly hiring of workers through the United States Employment Service, and an adequate training program for young workers, women, Negroes, the foreign-born, and for those shifted to new types of production. Today the unions impose the only restrictions on employer practices in the labor market.

(8) Duplication can be ended, and wastage of raw materials reduced to a minimum. One-third of processed steel is wasted today—far too high a proportion.

(9) Labor—and Earl Browder pointed out that "the problem of maximum war production is fundamental and decisively a problem of the organization and distribution of labor"—can be granted full and equal participation in all phases of the production process, including, of course, the all-important planning.

This is a complex program. Yet it remains the minimum for waging total war with full energy and effectiveness. No excuse can be tolerated for failure to plan. Our enemies plan. Our great ally the Soviet Union, under terrific difficulties, produces far greater amounts of war material than we do—because it plans. Great Britain has planned successfully. The war demands an all-out economy.

The failure of the armed services to determine strategy is reflected in the chaotic course of production, without schedules, without clear-cut goals. In turn the armed forces have difficulty deciding strategy while lacking any assurance that sufficient materiel will be at hand when needed. A vicious circle. Is strategy, then, so difficult to plot? The President has pointed to Europe as the decisive battlefront. We know the place where our arms will be concentrated, we know the strength and equipment of the foe. We have the men, the ships, the materiel, the morale with which to launch a second front—because despite poor coordination, American industrial capacity is so great that it has been able to produce without plan in sufficient amounts to make possible the opening blow. Once the second front is launched in force, strategy becomes clear enough. With our nation participating fully in the war, production will of necessity take plan and form. The exigencies of battle can sweep aside doubt, hesitancy, confusion, and lack of understanding of the gigantic and purposeful efforts that must precede victory.

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THE FUTURE OF USA-USSR RELATIONS

Earl Browder shows what intimate collaboration between Washington and Moscow can mean for the United Nations and the war. Obstacles to be overcome. Second of five articles.

THE American people are now making a real effort to understand our Soviet ally. They realize that they had fallen victim to the Hitlerite campaign of misinformation and calumny against the Soviet Union. Some of the most damaging misunderstandings have been largely cleared up by the writings of Mr. Joseph E. Davies, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, whose book *Mission to Moscow* was an outstandingly valuable contribution to mutual confidence between the two countries. The book *The Soviet Power,* by the Dean of Canterbury, has also finally been taken into the circles of respectability; it has been named one of the ten most important books of the year as aiding the war effort. Signs multiply daily that the American people are developing a profound affection for the Soviet Union and are even beginning to understand it.

It is worth noting that the two writers most successful in breaking down the wall of prejudice and misinformation that separated our country from the Soviet Union were a successful American capitalist and a high dignitary of the Church of England. There are always cynics who sneer when a long-suppressed truth is finally received in the circles of constituted authority, and who seem to think the truth can keep its purity only under official suppression; but I am not at all of this trend of thought and can only rejoice in the event and offer my congratulations to the men who succeeded where I had failed.

Many persons, doubtless, are still influenced by the charge that American Communists are "agents of Moscow," men without loyalty to their own country, because they approve of socialism as it has been built in the Soviet Union and propose that the United States should be reorganized along similar lines. But when capitalists and high churchmen approve of the Soviet Union, in much the same terms as the Communists have done, except that they do not believe that our country should have a similar system, then the general public finds it more possible to believe them. Only the extreme pathological type of anti-Soviet mania produces the automatic epithet of "communist" and "foreign agent" against the Dean and Mr. Davies.

The two strongest powers in the United Nations are the United States and the Soviet Union. While these two remained at arms' length from one another, the formation of the United Nations remained impossible. But when these two countries at long last established a relationship of cooperation then the formation of the United Nations followed quickly thereafter. It can be said, without exaggeration, that ever closer relations between our nation and the Soviet Union are an unconditional requirement for the United Nations as a world coalition. When these relations are upon a sound footing, then all other questions can be solved with a minimum of difficulty.

Elsewhere I have already mentioned a danger to full development of Soviet-American friendship which exists in the form of a misunderstanding, even in the center of the present rapprochement. It is said that this friendship has become possible because the Soviet Union has abandoned socialism (or Communism) and is becoming again a capitalist country like the United States. Now, I think this is a serious mistake, and there is danger in allowing such a thought to become a foundation for our relationships; if and when this is proved to be false the friendship based upon the mistaken idea would collapse. But if we boldly face the real problem, which is one of friendship between a frankly socialist and a frankly capitalist government, we will remain on much more solid ground.

THIS question is of such far-reaching importance to the existence and growth of the United Nations that it is worth a more detailed examination.

I am not going into any extended arguments about what is socialism, and how much of it is represented by the Soviet Union. Rather, I will rest the case upon purely empirical grounds of common sense. An American capitalist, in a friendly revaluation of the Soviet Union, takes a good look at that country and exclaims: "Why, this is not a socialist country, it is nothing like what I expected from my understanding of socialism!" The Soviet leader replies: "That is merely because you have been falsely instructed as to what is socialism. We are a socialist country, and far from returning to capitalism, we intend to become ever more completely socialist." Now, we have the simple problem of establishing who knows better what he is talking about—the American capitalist or the Soviet

Rendezvous in the Middle East. Red Army officers exchange cigarettes with American ferry pilots who have just delivered lend-lease planes for action on the Eastern Front.

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leader. In my opinion, in this case the American capitalist must admit that perhaps the Soviet leader knows more about socialism than he does. It would be much better if we openly admit that our country is becoming good friends with the *socialist* Soviet Union and not with the returning-to-capitalism Soviet Union. It will save many future disappointments.

Actually, of course, the difference is far deeper than the proper definition of a word. There are so many capitalists in the United States, men powerful in public affairs, who have their minds firmly set in the groove of thought which considers it *impossible* for this country to cooperate with a *socialist* country, that those capitalists who see the *necessity* for such cooperation try to conciliate the others by assuring them it is not so bad since the socialist country is really going back to capitalism. It is just this conciliation of a mistake which I deem dangerous for the future, and which I therefore speak against, because it keeps us from facing and solving the real question: Is it possible to establish enduring cooperation between a socialist and a capitalist state?

On the Soviet side, this question was answered in the affirmative long ago by Lenin, and that answer has been reaffirmed and strengthened by Stalin. The Soviet Union has long based its foreign policy upon the *possibility* and the *desirability* of peaceful coexistence and cooperation between itself and as many capitalist countries as possible, and especially the United States. This was one of the issues involved in the long struggle against Trotsky and his followers who argued against this with their so-called "theory of permanent revolution" and who finally ended as the puppets of Hitler. The Soviet leaders always expected, and prepared to defeat, the effort to destroy the Soviet republics by military invasion carried out by the most reactionary capitalist countries (Germany, Italy, and satellites), but, simultaneously, they consistently followed a policy of establishing the firmest bonds with those capitalist countries interested in keeping the peace and in checking aggressors.

On the American side, our national leaders never answered the question theoretically. In practice, up until 1933, our country acted upon the principle that it was even *impossible to recognize* a socialist country, much less cooperate with it. Only with the advent of the Roosevelt administration was this bard-boiled antagonism broken down, and the first formal relationships between the two countries established. But the dominant Republican Party leaders, and many powerful reactionary Democrats, still repeat the thesis of Herbert Hoover that it will eventually be necessary for the United States to destroy the Soviet Union in order to maintain its own capitalistic system.

It is this fundamental debate on foreign policy which is compromised and slurred over in the formula: "The Soviet Union is returning to capitalism."

It is necessary *in the interests of the United States* that our country give a clear and unambiguous answer to the question. Just as the Soviet leaders have long declared, on their side, that peaceful and cooperative relations are possible and desirable with other countries, regardless of their internal economic and social systems, so it is now necessary for the United States, through its most authoritative leaders, firmly to establish a similar attitude toward the Soviet Union as the policy of our country.

This is implicit in the Atlantic Charter and in the Declaration of the United Nations. But it is still disputed in high quarters, and when the dispute is inconclusively ended with the compromise formula, "After all, the Soviet Union is going back to capitalism," then we know the fundamental question is still being left open for the future. But such questions, left open for the future, are the greatest danger to the United Nations, not only in the future but right now. For it demonstrates a lack of confidence among the nations. Such a lack of confidence will be felt harmfully at every moment on our difficult road to victory in the war. It will be doing Hitler's work for him.

If United States capitalists and others, believing in the superiority of the capitalist system over socialism, *hope* that the Soviet Union will some day return to that system, that is their undoubted right and no one could dream of denying it to them. Similarly the Soviet leaders, believing in socialism, may *hope* that the United States and the whole world will one day come to their point of view. But both sides, recognizing the *necessity* of present and future cooperation between the two countries, must not allow their *hopes* to interfere with close and friendly relations, must learn to work together *as they are* and not as they would like one another to be.

THERE are many other relationships among nations within the world coalition that present stubborn problems of ideology or interest. The proper relations of confidence and collaboration between the United States and the Soviet Union would immensely facilitate the solution of all other problems of the United Nations. How difficult and serious are some of these problems is emphasized merely by mention of the names of China and India. Who can seriously expect the proper relationships in the war to be worked out with those two great countries—over a third of the human race—except with the most intimate collaboration of the Soviet Union within the leadership of the United Nations? Thus the correct attitude toward, and relations with, the Soviet Union are seen to be no narrow interest of our two countries alone.

Great Britain has arrived at a Twenty-year Treaty of Alliance with the Soviet Union, definitely envisaging long-term cooperation. The United States relations are still almost entirely developed as war relations, agreements negotiated by the President as Commander-in-Chief, and not treaties confirmed by the Senate according to the Constitution. The Soviet Union has seen fit to ignore this inequality in the binding nature of commitments on the two sides and has not hesitated on its part to confirm its agreements with the United States by its Supreme Council. It would really seem to be in our own American interests to make every effort to make our relations with the Soviet Union just as far-seeing, complete, and confidential as Great Britain has done.

There is a peculiarly offensive stupidity which maintains that the United States should not develop relations further with the Soviet Union, but should use the British as a sort of broker or middleman between us. Such ideas dominated the American Federation of Labor when it rejected the invitation of the British trade union leaders to join a council of labor of the three countries. Such a depth of idiocy is difficult to argue with, for it begins with the rejection of reason and the deification of prejudice. It reveals a timidity and lack of self-confidence unworthy of the name American.

We Americans must learn much more of the Soviet Union before we will be able as a nation fully to appreciate its high value for the United Nations. So far, our leaders of national thought have expressed surprise and amazement at the magnificent achievements of the Red Army and Soviet people in battle against the Nazi hordes. They had completely misjudged the Soviet Union. That means they were misinformed. It would seem that the time has come to straighten out our information about that great country.

WHENCE came the "unexpected" military strength of the Soviet Union? Military strength is directly related to the strength of the economy upon which it is based. The Red Army is strong because the socialist economy of the Soviet Union had made the most tremendous strides forward, advancing from the most backward of the great powers to the first place in Europe, and second only to the United States in the whole world. Soviet industry had multiplied its output during less than fifteen years by more than ten times, an increase of 1,000 percent. Its agriculture had been collectivized on the basis of machines and tractors, the most modern in the world. Its heavy industries had been especially developed, including completely new industries. For years the Soviet chemical industry has been producing artificial rubber, rendering them almost independent of imports. And while the United States was producing pleasure cars and refrigerators, the Soviet Union was producing tractors, machines, tanks, guns, airplanes—in preparation for the test of fire they now undergo.

Whence came the "unexpected" morale of the Soviet people, civil and military, which has aroused the admiration of the world? Military strength is directly related to the unity of will and action of the entire people, that factor which is called morale. We had been taught by our national leaders and newspapers to believe that the Soviet regime was

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Soviet seamen spend an evening with their colleagues of the National Maritime Union.

"imposed upon" its people, that it had no inner strength, and would fall apart at the first heavy blows. We saw exactly the opposite take place. The heavier came the blows of the Nazi assault against the Soviet Union, the higher went the morale of the people and their Red Army, the closer appeared the unity of the people with their government.

No other nation has withstood such invasion without crumpling within. Everyone knows that the Nazi regime could not survive a month of such military setbacks on its own soil. Even the United States has displayed during the eight months it has been formally at war a disquieting slowness in gathering its forces to strike the enemy, and morale remains one of our most difficult problems. But the Soviet people have been so overwhelmingly united and so completely in the war with all forces that it is the wonder of the rest of the world.

This unprecedented unity is also the product of their socialist order. Every citizen knows from daily experience that he is a full partner in the ownership of his country and everything in it. There are no special interests to create frictions, obstructions, and sabotage. There is no problem of profiteering, and "equality of sacrifice" is a reality taken for granted, not something which must be fought for and inadequately realized. And the government arises directly out of the people and is constantly renewed by them. There are no antagonistic classes to fight over the distribution of rewards and burdens. There is the most complete "commonwealth" that history has even shown. This is the foundation of the unprecedented morale of the Soviet people.

THERE was no necessity that Americans should be "surprised" to learn that the Soviet Union was our strongest ally. The facts were apparent for us all, long before the war broke over the world. But our eyes were blinded to the facts. Something *inside of us* caused us to deny the reality and put our faith in fairy tales. We had been poisoned by Hitler's secret weapon and much of the poison still lingers in our national life. For our own spiritual and intellectual health, as well as for the necessities of war, we require a national purge of this poison which has brought us to the brink of destruction.

We are not solidly building the United Nations so long as we permit the dominance in the nation's thinking of the belief that some magic or "accident" can "explain" our alliance with the Soviet Union, or the Soviet's mighty achievements for our side. Far from being accidental, we must learn to understand these things as the working out of natural law, of historical necessity; as something springing from the deepest forces which move all progressive humanity. That is the powerful conception which gave us Vice-President Wallace's speech of May 8, and made of it a world-wide weapon to recruit the peoples to the United Nations' banner. We must begin to *understand* the Soviet Union in its world historical setting, as one of the great achievements of the human race in its long forward march, like our own 1776, like the French '93, like the Bolivarian revolution of Latin America, and like our own abolition of chattel slavery in the Civil War. We must understand the magnificent achievements of the Soviet Union in this war as the product of long, arduous and heroic preparation for this day when, side by side with the United States, Britain, China, and the whole United Nations, she is bearing the main brunt of the fight for humanity's future.

What disastrous pettiness of mind is it which permits a Lady Astor, in this tragic hour, to raise her shrill voice to proclaim: "The Russians are fighting only for themselves"? What moral and intellectual blindness is it that permits supposedly responsible spokesmen of American democracy to choose the hour when millions of Soviet citizens are giving their lives for our common freedom to voice the irrational fear of "control by Russia and Russia's interests"?

This is no issue of "justice and fairness toward Russia." It is a test of our own national capacity to protect our own nation, of our own national ability to think straight, of our own soundness of morality as a nation, of our own readiness for the supreme tests of *leadership at the head of the United Nations.*

It is more true today than when the words were first uttered by Woodrow Wilson that *"the treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations . . . will be the acid test of their good will."**

THE military striking power of the United Nations, adequate to crush the Axis, is before all in the hands of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. With that power goes a tremendous responsibility. These three great nations, more directly than any others, thereby jointly share the terrible responsibility for victory and for reorganization of the world. Upon the quality of the joint leadership thus exercised, upon the capacity of the three greatest military powers of the United Nations to *work together* and combine all other members as freely cooperating equals, depend the moment of victory and the nature of the peace.

Nothing is gained by shutting our eyes to the fact that there are powerful forces within the United States opposing the whole concept of the United Nations *because they hold deadly enmity to the Soviet Union.* They speak lightheartedly and even gleefully of "Hitler and Stalin destroying one another"; they express the determination that "if Hitler does not finish the job, then the United States must"; they continue and intensify their "anti-Communist" campaign which even now they copy verbatim from the textbooks they imported from Hitler Germany to this country in 1933; they exploit to the utmost, for disruption of the war effort and national unity, those anti-Communist laws which they slipped over on the nation during the period of confusion when they dared openly describe the Soviet Union as the mortal enemy of our country and every American Communist as a traitor to his country — flagrant copies of Hitler's program.

The United Nations are the instrument for victory. Victory is required for the survival of our nation. The Soviet Union is an essential part of the United Nations. Mutual confidence between our country and the Soviet Union and joint work in the leadership of the United Nations are absolutely necessary.

Therefore, everything without exception which interferes with this mutual confidence must be removed—everything, even our irrational and conflicting prejudices.

Do we mean it when we say: "Everything for victory"?

Greater patriotism hath no man than that he lay down his prejudices for his country!

I am convinced that the American people will dissolve all obstacles to the most complete inclusion of the Soviet Union in the United Nations, and her collaboration with our country in its leadership.

EARL BROWDER.

* Woodrow Wilson, *Address to Congress,* January 8, 1918.

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

BASLE, SIR SAMUEL, AND ROME

Three episodes about which many questions are being asked. Hoare's double-talk. Interpretations of Myron Taylor's visit to the Vatican. Diplomatic policy and the great offensive.

London (by wireless).

THREE events—all more or less loosely tied together under the general theme of "peace offensive"—caused the vigilant and the suspicious to raise their eyebrows in anxiety last week. One was Myron Taylor's visit to the Vatican. Another was the Chelsea speech of Sir Samuel Hoare, British ambassador to Franco Spain. The third was the news—disclosed by the political correspondent of the London *Financial News*—of a strange meeting of the Bank of International Settlements at Basle. Here British, German, and other functionaries of that notorious, not to say stinking, institution got together in what the *Financial News* reporter went so far as to describe as "a sort of preliminary peace conference" on lines which apparently met with Nazi approval.

About this third episode there will certainly be questions when Parliament convenes again. It will be interesting to see whether in this case anyone has the nerve to suggest that this sort of get-together—coinciding with the epic of Stalingrad—is "mere routine" or, worse still, that the Bank provides a useful "listening post." To which the reply of the British people would probably be "Listening to what?" For so far as the British public is concerned it is impossible to imagine anything that it wants to hear from Germany except the yells of the defeated; and the only international settlements it is interested in are those which it hopes will shortly take place on the battlefields of western Europe. As for the "mere routine" angle, public opinion is that the sooner that kind of Chamberlainesque dance step is forbidden on the international dancing floor, the better.

WE COME to Hoare's speech. Now it is a fact that whatever he says or does automatically arouses the deepest suspicion in the minds of all decent people whose memories have not been too severely impaired by the events of recent years. It is conceivable, although I am not prepared to say it is likely, that some proportion of the suspicion aroused by every step of this old diplomatic customer may be exaggerated. It may be so. For example, when Sir Samuel speaks of the need for speed to achieve victory and impresses upon his listeners the urgency of the situation, it is possible that he means nothing more and nothing different from what he seems to be saying, and that next week we shall see him joining a chalking squad to cover the walls of Kings Road with the demand for a second front. On the other hand, there are those who instantly felt that perhaps this was not quite the meaning of that speech. They feel that Sir Samuel was intending rather to convey the views of that international "Hoaregeoisie"—still flourishing in Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, Berne, and Stockholm—which is above all terrified at the destructive effects of continued war upon the social structure of Europe and places its principal emphasis on the need for speed to end this process, rather than on the need for the destruction of the fascist powers.

The Foreign Office, refusing last week to comment on the Hoare speech, explained that although he is an ambassador, he is also a member of Parliament. Therefore, when Hoare speaks to his constituents the Foreign Office has no control over and no responsibility for what he says. In other words, the little pea—if any—must be under some other thimble.

THERE remains the Myron Taylor visit to the Vatican. On this, too, official comment is withheld in London. In case the mere mention of this fact may be taken to mean more than I intend, I must report that I do not find that informed opinion here is inclined to take the Vatican visit as in any way representative of some backstairs attempt to "cooperate" with a German peace offensive. It is the belief in well informed quarters here that the Germans may themselves be anxious to represent the visit in this light; and that, in particular, the Axis may be anxious that the visit should not be seen in Axis or neutral countries as a positive advance of United Nations diplomacy carried out under Mussolini's nose. I do not know whether this very optimistic approach to the Taylor talks is correct. I report it as the approach which is favored by informed people here.

Although optimistic interpretations are made, it must however be clearly understood that they are made with an important proviso. For instance, here is one summing up of the situation which emphasizes this proviso and seems to me likely to be true at least in broad outline and tendency. My informant describes the position as follows: the Vatican has already come to the conclusion that an Axis victory is no longer by any means a safe bet. So has the Italian royal family. The royal family sees, as it has seen all along, that a clever player might snatch a victory for Victor Emmanuel over Mussolini out of this situation. That, of course, is a matter of speculation and raises questions about the attitude of the Italian people which are overriding but not relevant to this particular point. Now it is reasonable to suppose that if the Vatican and the Italian royal family are in this frame of mind, they could be vulnerable to pressure from, for example, Washington. This pressure would be of a very different kind from that of the unlamented visit of Sumner Welles two years ago.

But it is most reliably and cogently reported that from both these quarters in Rome there has been pointed out the fact that the Italian people have not so far been given any tangible or appreciable evidence of the undoubted fact of the preponderance of Anglo-American power. To the Italian man in the street the touchstone so far as this is concerned is North Africa. There whatever the real military balance of power may be, it is by no means apparent to the average Italian that Anglo-American power is capable of more than the most purely defensive action. In such circumstances it is hardly likely that either the Vatican or the royal family would be prepared to risk anything in terms of attempting, for example, to change from within, the general course of Italian foreign policy in the war.

Equally there seems fairly good reason to suppose that if these elements were presented with a picture of serious and effective Allied action in North Africa, and still more in Europe itself, then they would be both willing and able to act. In other words, in this, as in all other fields of policy today, the situation has reached a point where offensive action on the grand scale by Britain and America can not merely restore the situation, but, so to speak, stand it on its head. There are enormous prizes waiting to be won by the offensive.

Equally it would be wrong and could even be disastrous to assume that because these highly favorable elements exist in the situation, it is possible to exploit them in any way whatever, short of offensive military action. That would be to repeat the miserable illusions of two and three years ago. Therefore, in all such matters as the Taylor visit, it has to be realized that the good or evil of the move can only be judged in relation to a larger field of policy. As an auxiliary move to a great offensive on the European front, such maneuvers can be of serious and positive value. If they are in any way conceived as substitutes for the military offensive, then they become nothing but a snare and a delusion.

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WHAT THE PRIMARIES REVEALED

A. B. Magil analyzes the reasons for the victory of most of the congressmen-as-usual. The elections and a second front. Every man's job in the remaining few weeks.

IN 1862 the war for the survival of the American republic was going badly. Under the command of the black-mustached and copperheaded McClellan, the Union armies suffered defeat after defeat. Politically the country was in the doldrums. Public opinion, led by the Radical Republicans and the Abolitionists, was increasingly coming to realize that saving the Union and freeing the slaves were not two disparate issues, but that the war could be won and the Union saved only by direct, uncompromising assault on the economic foundation of southern power. Caught in the cross-fire of political controversy, Lincoln hesitated, fearing to alienate the "loyal" slaveholders of the border states. Vacillation, confusion, defensive strategy in the political sphere had its inevitable counterpart in that early version of the Maginot Line mentality, the military leadership of McClellan. The result was drift and disaster. The Copperhead Democrats, who themselves were largely responsible for blocking a more vigorous policy, made capital out of every blunder and difficulty. They swept the congressional elections.

But Lincoln was a patriot and McClellan a defeatist—if not worse. The hard necessities of the people's war shattered the thin fabric of their collaboration. On Sept. 22, 1862, Lincoln issued the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. This, a promise for the future that was yet to be realized in action, had come too late to alter the course of the election. But it marked the beginning of a fundamental change. On November 5, immediately after the election, Lincoln fired McClellan. And six months after the slaves were freed came the turning of the tide at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The local elections in November 1863 revealed a new temper in the country, reversing the trend of the previous year. Dark days still lay ahead, but America was on the road to victory.

EIGHTY years later America is engaged in an even greater and tougher war for survival. After much hesitation the main course has been set in unison with our allies toward the all-out offensive against the heart of Axis power, Nazi Germany. But policy has not yet begun to speak the language that Lincoln learned, the language of action. So many of the elements that go to make up its effective realization still are in conflict with the central objective. The strategy of the second front in 1942 was announced on June 11. But just as the Copperheads and fainthearts sought to dissuade Lincoln from fulfilling the pledge contained in the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, so devious pressure is being exerted today to prevent the promised opening of the second front this year. In every aspect of the war effort the past with all its confusion and shabby compromises clings like a fungus growth to the present, seeking to stifle the unfolding of a victory strategy. The cutting edge of our anti-Axis foreign policy is dulled by appeasement mumbo-jumbo *vis-a-vis* Vichy, Madrid, and Helsinki. No firm hand, no clear plan guides the organization of our war economy. And no bold attack has been launched against the defeatists and fifth columnists—too often they have been coddled.

And Congress? Lincoln at least had the advantage of a win-the-war Congress to start with, a Congress that was dominated by the Radical Republicans and was in many respects in advance of the President. Roosevelt, on the other hand, has a Congress that acts as a brake on total war, and far from spurring him on, tends to drag him back. America needs a victory Congress, but will we get it? There is no use blinking the fact that the primary results offer little consolation. The mere fact that the overwhelming majority of the present incumbents were renominated tends to freeze the status quo. There have been some gains: of the twenty-three incumbents in both houses who were beaten, thirteen are defeatists or obstructionists, five are supporters of the President, while five have doubtful records. Further advances are possible in the final election, yet on the whole, the new Congress is not likely to differ substantially from the old. Nevertheless, the election remains of momentous significance, *for the campaign itself can become the means of educating and organizing the people for the carrying through of a victory policy.* Irrespective of what happens on November 3—and every vote cast for patriotic candidates counts—this campaign can influence the course of the war and create the forces to break through reactionary opposition in the next Congress.

To think and act intelligently in the election campaign we must understand why things went as they did in the primaries. The most important mistake was the failure on the part of leading elements among those who favor all-out war to recognize that the 1942 election campaign is a battlefront in the global struggle to save our country from extinction. This was true both of the administration forces and of the AFL and CIO leadership. Last February President Roosevelt, rebuking the partisan attitude of Edward Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declared that "the United States at war needed congressmen, regardless of party, who will back up their government and who had a record of backing up the country in an emergency regardless of party."

In practice, however, this basic test was applied either not at all or in too general a fashion. An outstanding example was New York state. Around Jim Farley and his vestpocket candidate, Bennett, there gathered those sinister and unsavory elements whose vanguard is the Christian Front. Why, then, did the Roosevelt forces wait until the eleventh hour before taking up the challenge of Farleyism? Because from the President down they hesitated to make the uncompromising break with pre-war personal and political relationships which the war demanded. As a result Farley was able to corral his delegates and sew up the convention long before it opened. And when Senator Mead finally did enter the contest a month before the convention, his nomination was urged not on the ground that he was the only candidate genuinely dedicated to total victory over the Axis, but that he was the only one who could poll enough votes to win. This may have been smart politics, model 1938, but in the conditions of 1942 it succeeded in merely driving the Mead campaign into the ditch. And when leading New Dealers later pledged Bennett their support, this only served to compound confusion by giving the impression that the whole thing had been merely a family squabble and that Jim Farley was an honorable man.

A second mistake was the limited and ineffectual criticism of the incumbent defeatists and reactionaries. Certain of our liberal friends who are disappointed that the voters rejected so few of the pre-Pearl Harbor appeasers ought to ask themselves why the people should be interested in fighting the battles of today around what may appear to be the issues of yesterday. For if the crime of Ham Fish, Senator Brooks, and their ilk was merely that they favored appeasement before America officially entered the war, and if by implication their appease-

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ment ended on December 7, why should the voters punish a present-day patriot for his past mistakes? Here again there was a reluctance to face the issue squarely and to call a spade by its rightful name, to say in so many words that the Fishes and O'Daniel's are doing the work of the Axis *today,* that they merely wear the mask of patriotism in order better to undermine their country's fight for life. And so these men were able to pose as "constructive critics" of the conduct of the war.

This confused and ineffectual attack on the defeatists manifested itself in a specially perverted form in New York. I refer to the smear campaign initiated by certain factional groups against the staunchest exponent of total war and total victory in Congress, Rep. Vito Marcantonio. The attempt to lump him with the appeasers, Fish and Barry, did no harm to Marcantonio, who overwhelmed his opponents in the primaries of three parties, but it did considerable harm to the effort to unseat two of the kind of men on whom Hitler counts.

A third mistake was that most of the candidates who supported the President's policies did so in general terms and failed to deal with the specific issues that can arouse the people. What are these issues? Joe Smith, American—who is no relation to George (Westbrook Pegler) Spelvin—wants to win this war and to win it by the most direct route possible. And while he is ready to make sacrifices for victory, he is definitely not willing to make sacrifices because of the greed of predatory individuals or because certain folks in Washington don't seem to know what the score is. So far, all that Joe Smith and Mrs. Smith have seen is a succession of military reverses, with little or no effort on our part to take the offensive; they have seen bungling and incompetence on the home front; they have seen the cost of their butter and eggs and meat go up. Along comes Candidate Defeatist and tells them: Roosevelt is to blame; labor is to blame; Washington "dictatorship" is to blame. He appears to offer an alternative of action. His opponent, on the other hand, repeats that he supports the President and suggests nothing concrete. Is it any wonder that the defeatist gets the votes?

But what happens if the win-the-war candidate tells the voters that the way to win the war is to fulfill the Roosevelt-Churchill-Molotov agreements and open a second front now? What happens if he tells them that the rise in living costs will be halted if the President's seven-point economic program is adopted? What happens if he challenges Coughlin, McCormick, Patterson, and their friends in Congress?

What happens is the overwhelming Marcantonio victory in New York; the triumph of Elmer J. Holland in Pennsylvania by a 9,000 majority in a district previously represented by an isolationist Republican; the smashing victories of Reps. Warren Magnusson and John M. Coffee in Washington and Farmer-Laborite Elmer Benson in Minnesota; the remarkable achievement of Michael A. Feighan of Cleveland in beating Coughlin's alter ego, Rep. Martin Sweeney, who had held office for twelve successive years; the outstanding success in the California Democratic primaries of Lieut.-Gov. Ellis E. Patterson and Robert E. Kenny, candidate for attorney general, in contrast to the mediocre showing of Governor Olson.

A fourth factor in the primary setbacks was the lack of unity among the pro-war forces in many localities. Representative Thill of Wisconsin, Republican appeaser, for example, won despite the fact that the combined vote of his six opponents was greater than his. Sen. Lee O'Daniel of Texas, one of the worst men in either house, was opposed by two supporters of the President's policies. While his vote was greater than the combined total of his two opponents, it is possible that if unity had been achieved around a single candidate and a clear-cut issue presented to the voters of Texas (where the poll tax, of course, operates in favor of incumbent reactionaries), demagoge O'Daniel could have been defeated.

A fifth factor was the inadequate participation of the trade union movement. Formal unity between AFL and CIO in the election was achieved in many places, but the unions as a rule failed to act as a driving force in the campaign. The leadership which the labor movement has shown in the sphere of production was with few exceptions lacking in the political field.

FINALLY, and perhaps most fundamental of all in influencing the primary results was the objective situation: the failure to open a Western Front, the absence of a realistic attempt to grapple with the problems of war economy through centralized planning and control, the Congress-as-usual antics which received no serious challenge till the President sent his message demanding action on farm prices. It is foolhardy to dismiss the growing dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war or to underestimate the ability of the Munich-minded and tory-minded to exploit this situation to their own advantage. The low primary vote and the poor results tell the tale.

Nothing could so powerfully alter the outlook as the opening of a second front between now and November 3. But the election campaign can itself be an important means of furthering the fight for the second front and for an active victory policy in close cooperation with our allies. The full realization of the possibilities that exist requires that the issues be brought out where the people can take a look at them and understand them and that the fetishism of party regularity be overcome. Roosevelt Democrats, Willkie Republicans, American Laborites, Minnesota Farmer-Laborites, the trade union movement and the Communists are on the same side, the side of the people and the future. A unified strategy can rout the Demopublican defeatists and doubletalkers and poll-taxers who are on the other side—Hitler's and Hirohito's.

"Fellow-citizens," said Abraham Lincoln in his annual message to Congress at the end of that fateful year 1862, "we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. . . ."

A. B. MAGIL.

"It is impossible for Hitler or anyone else to attack us."—Senator Taft, Congressional Record, Sept. 25, 1941.

An illustration by Gropper in "The Illustrious Dunderheads," edited by Rex Stout and published by Knopf

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

MR. SIMMS' FINNISH FABLE

The columnist for the Scripps-Howard press plays a record made in high places. Helsinki's "stationary" front moves to the Volga. Pussyfooting is no policy.

SEVERAL days ago that old politico-journalistic billygoat who goes under the name of William Philip Simms decided again to drag out the good old Finnish red herring in the Scripps-Howard press. Now what a nonentity like Mr. Simms thinks is of little importance, but he seems to be playing a "record" made in high places. Writing from Washington, he uses phrases like "It is recognized here," "The United States is reluctant," etc., and because of that his drivel becomes dignified with a reflection of important political opinion, and, therefore, is worth some attention. Mr. Simms, and the people whose opinion he obviously reflects, wants Finland to get guarantees of independence from the Soviet Union, these guarantees to be "guaranteed" by Britain and the United States. Mr. Simms' interest in Finland is based on the assertion that "Finland's regime is both liberal and ardently democratic."

As far as this enormity is concerned, we wish only to refer the reader (and Mr. Simms, for that matter) to a certain publication which goes under the name of *Foreign Relations, 1919, Russia,* issued by the U. S. State Department some years ago when relations with the USSR were such that nobody cared much about a few boomerangs in the form of disclosures about the "democracy" of "little Finland." We are not going to rehash here the endless string of documents and facts which prove that that old dipsomaniac Mannerheim was nothing but the granddaddy of fascism and takes precedence over Mussolini himself as far as fascist genealogy is concerned: That Finland since the overthrow of the democratic republic by the Mannerheim fascists in the spring of 1918 has always been somebody's doormat at the gates of Leningrad: "The historic mission of Finland is to drive Bolshevism from Leningrad." (London *Times,* October 1919): That Finland is so "democratic" that the White Guard parliament, controlled by the Mannerheim gang, elected the Kaiser's brother-in-law in 1918 as the country's king: That its rulers have oscillated for more than two decades between the Bank of England and the Deutsche Bank. And, finally, that of late Finnish government spokesmen have very clearly indicated that they had pinned the future of their country to the victory of German arms and to the establishment of the New Order in Europe. So much for the "democracy" of Finland.

Now what about those shenanigans with its "independent existence" and certain "guarantees" thereof by Britain and the United States? We know what happened between the Soviet Union and Finland in March 1940. Finland was completely and thoroughly licked militarily. The Soviets could demand anything they wanted, up to the Swedish and Norwegian frontiers. Did they do it? No, the victors demanded only military guarantees in the form of additional protection to the Soviet strategic position in the northwest. Everything of economic value was returned to Finland, the Soviet Union acquiring but a number of strategic rocks (Hangoe, the Baltic islands, a piece of the Maan Selka Range, the two little tongues of land protecting Petsamo and the *place d'arms* in Karelia from which the Soviet Union had been threatened by Finland *et al.* for twenty-two years on end). All this makes it ridiculous to suggest that the word of the USSR requires "guarantees."

IN summing up the "case" for Finland, William Philip Simms writes:

"The charge has been made that Finnish troops have fought with the Germans in the Ukraine. A Soviet Embassy bulletin issued here yesterday repeated that charge. Finland's answer is that if Finns are fighting with the Nazis they are strictly volunteers—like the Americans who fought with the Lincoln Brigade in Spain.

"Finland points out that her front line positions have been virtually static for ten months. Her troops have neither advanced nor retreated. Quite deliberately they have engaged only in such fighting as became necessary to hold on to vital defensive positions."

The whole scheme is clear: Mr. Simms, his employers and their ilk want Hitler's Finland to remain the anti-Soviet doormat it always was *so any future aggressor may be able to concentrate and deploy within fifteen miles of the northern suburbs of Leningrad.*

The whole scheme, with its "offers," "guarantees," and "promises" is, of course, phony for the very simple reason that Mannerheim and the rest are nothing but Hitler's "dog-robbers" and have absolutely nothing to say in the matter. Finland is virtually occupied by the Germans, who replace part of the Finnish troops they send to the Volga and the Don with their own men on Finnish soil. And so we see that the endless chewing of the Finnish rag can have no other result except giving Mr. Procope, the Finnish Minister, a new lease on life in the salons of Washington where he is most certainly carrying on able intelligence work for Hitler. So much for the pro-fascist boondoggling by Mr. Simms.

THE military situation is this: the Germans threaten, from Finnish territory which they have occupied and which they rule, the second capital and northern anchor of the main Soviet front. They also threaten the northern windpipe of the Soviet Union which is the Murmansk Railroad and the Stalin Canal, and, finally, the sea-route over which the Allies are sending some war materials to the Red Army. In addition to this, Finland provides the German General Staff with some twenty divisions of first class troops which are being used by the Germans not only on the Finnish-Soviet front, but as far from it as the Volga. These are not volunteers like Kermit Roosevelt's boys in Finland were in 1939-40 (what an impertinence to compare these fascist conscripts with the Americans who fought *against* fascism in Spain), but regular units of the regular Finnish army.

The possession of Finnish territory is of the highest importance to Germany, not only because it is a *place d'armes* stretching along 100 miles of the Soviet border. It is important because it is the only convenient land line of communications between Germany and the hump of Norway where the planes that threaten Allied convoys to the Soviet Union are based. Norway itself has no communications between the coastal points in its northern part. In order to reach, say, the North Cape from Germany, the best route is Turku-Kemi-Rovaniemi-Petsamo, via the Finnish Arctic highway. Finland is Germany's inner line of communications in the North. The very presence of Finland in the Axis military camp immobilizes probably no less than twenty-five Soviet divisions along the northern front, with hundreds of planes. *Had it not been for Finland, the battle of Stalingrad would have been already over, or maybe, would not have even started.*

THE thing now is not to haggle with the Finnish fascists about "national independence" which has been destroyed by the Nazis with their aid and could only be restored by an agreement with the USSR; not to try and prepare the pointing of the Finnish pistol again at Leningrad during the postwar period, but to declare war on the present government of Finland, send US Flying Fortresses to bomb their northern bases, send a small but well equipped expeditionary force to Petsamo, and show the Red Army for once how it feels to fight alongside American soldiers. All this pussyfooting and jockeying with the Finnish government is of no avail.

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HERRIOT'S CITY

After years of hesitation the former mayor of Lyons enters the ring. Andre Simone, author of "J'Accuse" and "Men of Europe," paints in the background behind the recent Herriot-Jeanneney statement.

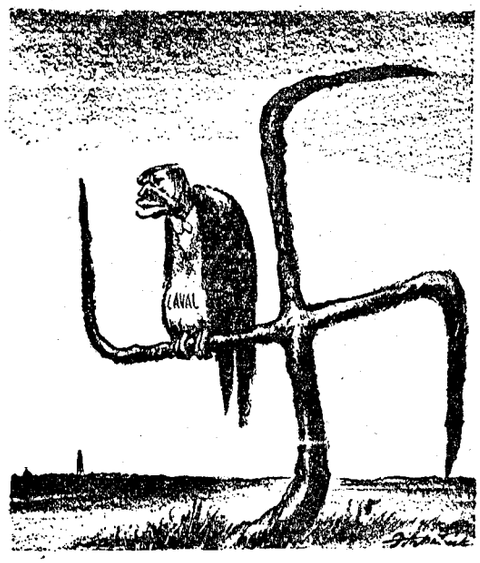
LYONS is the city of silk. But the silk-weavers of Lyons, *Les Canuts*, are known for taking off their silk gloves when they fight. And they have done plenty of fighting. In 1831, *La Croix Rousse*, the great factory where the finest silk of the world is woven, started the first strike for higher wages. The owners, *Les Soyeux*, called for the army. The Duke of Orleans and Marshal Soult led 20,000 men against the strikers. Casimier Perier has called the strike "a non-political uprising of hunger, because it was a fight between the poor who have nothing to lose and the rich who own plenty." Frightened to death, Ludwig Boerne wrote that "this terrible truth should be sunk in the deepest well."

The Nazis opened a recruiting center at *La Croix Rousse* to induce workers to go to Germany. The place was bombed and never opened again. And now Lyons is one of the strongest recruiting centers for the Fighting French. The Laval newspapers arriving from Vichy have been burned twice in one of the narrow, crooked streets of the silk district. But the underground newspapers such as *Humanite* and *Le Franc-Tireur* circulate regularly.

In April of this year Jacques Doriot, Hitler's would-be Gauleiter, tried to organize a meeting for his anti-Bolshevik Legion. It had to be protected by a double-file of Petain's special police. Barely 300 people attended. But on May Day, though demonstrations were forbidden, more than 40,000 men marched to the Statue of Liberty. And on Bastille Day *La Croix Rousse* was covered with posters praising the tradition of the French Revolution and calling for resistance against Hitler. The police tore them down. The weavers replaced them time and again. Three columns of demonstrators marched down to the Place Carnot. One broke through the police ring and reached it. Unlike Marshal Soult, the commanding general of the region refused to call his regiments out. He was immediately dismissed.

LYONS is the city where the finest food in France is served. The *quenelles* at *La Mere Braziere* were famous throughout the country. But now Lyons goes hungry. So on August 3 about 4,000 women marched to the City Hall. "We want food," they shouted, and "We want our men back from German prison camps!" The police tried to disperse them without too much success.

Lyons is the city of the First Episcopate. The Cardinal Archbishop is *Primat de Gaule*, the highest church dignitary of France. The name of Cardinal Archbishop Gerlier of Lyons heads the list of Catholic dignitaries who protested Petain's anti-Semitic laws. In August Hitler's and Laval's Gestapo rounded up the Jews of Lyons and all refugees. They marched them through the streets. Every blind of Lyons' windows were down.



Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch"
"Frenchmen, I bespeak the new order."

LYONS is also the city of Edouard Herriot. With his head and belly massively proportioned, his eyes small but keen and penetrating, the famous pipe stuck between thick, fleshy lips, Herriot has occupied for almost thirty years the mayor's study which looks down to the place where Sodi Carnot, president of the French republic, was killed. There were times when a gesture by Herriot, a word from his lips, a single outcry from him against the sinister intrigues of reaction might have changed the entire course of French history. It was not forthcoming. Neither during the Spanish war, nor in the critical days of Munich, neither when Daladier started his war against French labor, nor when Bonnet wrecked the Franco-Soviet Treaty, nor when Petain and his unholy crew surrendered themselves to Hitler.

But now, in his seventies, Herriot has spoken the word. Together with the President of the Senate, white-bearded, thin-lipped, and frailly built Jules Jeanneney, he has protested publicly against the dissolution of the Parliament's Permanent Commission—last, powerless symbol of the French parliamentary republic. He flung his Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in Petain's face, when two officers of the "Anti-Bolshevik Legion" were decorated posthumously with it. It seemed to Herriot "intolerable for the French conscience and future generations will judge it severely."

He did so exactly four years after French patriots expected him to lead the forces of resistance against capitulation to Hitler. The "battle of Godesberg" where, to save his face, Chamberlain put up a sham wrestling bout, was in full swing. In protest against an ultimatum which Bonnet had handed to the Czechoslovakian Minister urging the acceptance of Hitler's demands, five Ministers resigned from the Daladier administration. One of them called me to his office. "Tomorrow," he said, "Jeanneney will be Prime Minister, Herriot will go to Foreign Affairs, Mandel to the *Place Beauveau* (Ministry of Interior)." I expressed my doubts. Too often had we been told that Herriot would finally enter the ring. "This time," the Minister said, "he will stick."

He did not. Neither did Jeanneney. As President of the Senate, Jeanneney enjoyed great prestige. During the first world war he was Clemenceau's Undersecretary of State. Of him the "Tiger" had said: "I was able to govern France, because Jeanneney administrated it so well." Had Jeanneney taken over in September 1938, he would have been President of France six months later. But like Herriot, he withdrew at the last minute and limited himself to coining brilliant phrases. He called Bonnet *"le plus grand dementeurs,"* which could have meant "the greatest liar" or "the greatest denier." And on the day of a great reception for Ribbentrop at the Quai d'Orsay, Jeanneney went to a luncheon at the Soviet Embassy.

Herriot and Jeanneney let another historical opportunity pass, when the "little fox" Reynaud handed power over to Petain. On this fateful day in Bordeaux, Herriot sent his luggage aboard a boat ready to sail for Africa with the anti-Munich wing of the French Parliament aboard. But before the boat sailed, Herriot had his bag removed. As one of his closest collaborators put it: "Herriot has always known the right thing to do in France's critical moments. But he has never done it."

At last Herriot has done it. He has finally joined *La Croix Rousse*. A year ago Petain threw him out of Lyons' City Hall. Herriot had lost the confidence of the textile workers when he did not follow the great revolutionary traditions of Lyons. Now he has won it back.

LYONS is the city of resistance and fight. If Laval should try to force his new decree of slave labor on the men of Lyons, and send them to Germany, they will carry with them the fighting traditions of *La Croix Rousse*. No well is deep enough to bury the terrible truth that Hitler is plundering and torturing France with the help of Petain and Laval. The patriots of the heroic city where the Rhone and the Saone meet, know it only too well.

ANDRE SIMONE.

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WE ARE WAITING . . .

There was Hana—and Jirka and Honcl. And this is what happened to them. . . . The fourth year after Munich finds the Czechoslovak flame of revolt leaping higher into the Nazi night. For every victim . . .

"The boys from Kladno have come!" In the gray dawn of Sept. 2[illegible] 1938, heavy trucks rumbled over the pavements of Prague. Just as they were, lamp in hand, the workers of the Kladno coal mines left the night shift, climbed into company trucks, and came. They wanted to take part in the great demonstration on the broad square before the Parliament building, together with the people of Prague. And like the latter, they were determined to defend the independence of their republic. The good news spread from mouth to mouth in the mass of men and women streaming toward Parliament: "The boys from Kladno have come!" "The workers from Kladno and vicinity are here!" Those of Lidice were present too.

That was four years ago. On that day fourteen-year-old Hana Stika came home for supper all excited and much too late. But her parents did not scold her. Usually they were angry if she came home only a few minutes late because in those few minutes they were afraid for her safety. Hana was their only child. After dark she was not allowed to go out on the street alone; her every sniffle made her parents uneasy and upset. So it was almost an act of mercy that in the early summer of 1942 they were shot a few minutes before their daughter —shot "for complicity in the assassination of Heydrich." They died with the desperate, senseless hope that their death would spare eighteen-year-old Hana's life. . . .

Vaclav Honcl was born in 1870. He grew up in Austria and went to German schools. At home his parents spoke Czech. When the first world war began, Honcl had to join the Austrian army. When the war was over, he returned to his liberated homeland, the Czechoslovak republic. His children and grandchildren were able to go to Czech schools. Old Honcl liked to help his grandchildren with their lessons, above all because it gave him pleasure to thumb through their schoolbooks, study the map of Czechoslovakia in their atlases, and read in their history books how the republic was created in 1918. When he went for a walk with them through old Prague, he pointed out the places where formerly the double eagle, symbol of the Austrian ruling house, had hung. Now a blue, white, and red flag flew from the Hradschin castle of Prague. But he told them how formerly there had been a black-yellow-red flag which the people of Prague had not liked. Grandfather could tell wonderful stories. He always had time, for he could not work any more, nor did he have to work, he was so old. He was seventy-two when the Gestapo seized him and shot him, a grandfather, because of "unlawful possession of arms. . . ."

We were six friends; Jirka was one of us. We discussed books, went to the movies together, went skiing at Christmas, and took summer hikes in the mountains. Often we went to a cafe together and marched side by side on the First of May. Jirka Stricker was a printer. His outlook on life was Communist. He loved books and was a jolly fellow. He wanted some day to take a trip around the world and then marry and have at least two sons. He always took hikes on his vacations. "I want to know our whole country," he would say to us, "and all the people in it. I want to know how they live." He knew the Sudeten region too. For two months he was director of a summer camp set up by Czech workers for the children of unemployed Sudetenlanders. After the Munich Conference, when the Sudeten democrats had to flee into Bohemia, Jirka was on his feet day and night. He saw to it that Jetty, Franz, and all his other friends were provided with shelter, clothes, and food. Whenever he appeared at a refugee camp, all the children ran after him. "Here's our Jirka!" they cried. "Jirka, come on and play soccer with us! Jirka, look at my new shoes . . . Jirka! . . . Jirka! . . ." Then lean, twenty-three-year-old Jirka from Prague was the best friend of these children of Sudeten German workers, made homeless by the Nazis. And these same Nazis hung Jirka by the neck in the winter of 1941. . . .

THESE are only three of the thousands of Czechs whom the Nazis have murdered in their "protectorate." According to a Moscow dispatch, the number of Czechs murdered, hung, and shot approximates 10,000. The Czechoslovak government in London has made known that in the course of six weeks after the shooting of Heydrich, the hangman of Europe, 1,375 people were executed in Bohemia and Moravia. And this does not include the inhabitants of Lidice and Lezaky, the two Czech villages which were razed to the ground and looted.

But can the determination of desperate men be beaten into submission? Can their hate be silenced with guns? The barbarians may execute the entire male population of a village, place all the women behind barbed wire, and drag away the children. But will that transform hatred into affection? Will that turn resolution into vacillation? There are a thousand ways to get back at the enemy, little acts of abnegation and great deeds of self-sacrifice.

At the end of June the protectorate's newspaper, *Ceske Slovo,* published an impatient appeal to the Czechoslovak youth, asking them "to practice the proud Aryan greeting and not

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to pay any attention if this evoked bitterness in the eyes of people poor in spirit." In another place in this same paper there appears the complaint that so many Czechs "have lost their Aryan soul and are spiritually under the influence of London and Moscow." The press in the protectorate, supplied by the official *Deutsche Nachrichten Buro* (DNB), was so full of similar complaints, threats, and warnings that finally at the beginning of July a ban was placed on the effort of all papers appearing in Bohemia and Moravia to the outside world. At the same time the Czech radio stations, controlled by the Nazis, stopped giving the names of those executed. Every evening for weeks the long list of those shot in the course of the previous twenty-four hours had been read over the radio "to terrorize" listeners. Thus the people of Prague heard about the shooting of the four members of the Novak family and the six members of the Bouzar family. They heard of the "cleansing actions" in Lidice and Lezaky. And they translated the German order ". . . for every German soldier or official a hundred innocent hostages" into Czech: "For every murdered Czech hundreds of resolute avengers."

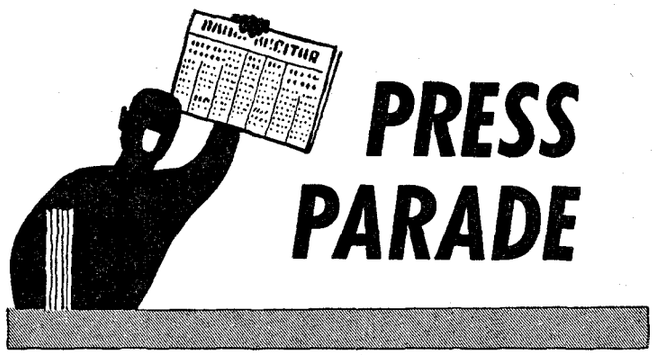
Bohemia is a flat land with moderate elevations. Only its frontiers consist of mountain chains. But it possesses forests, many fast forests. In the first world war scores of Czechs hid there in order not to be forced into the Austrian army. Today the forests of Krivoklat shelter several hundred workers, constituting the first guerrilla bands in Bohemia. At the moment their activity consists mainly in organizing and carrying out acts of sabotage. Explosions in factories, train derailings, disturbances in river transportation—these are the specialties of the "green fighters" of Bohemia. These men work in the closest contact with the population. Peasant women bring them food and blankets in baskets which seem on the surface to be filled with grass for goats. Ammunition comes in school knapsacks and baby carriages. And the inhabitants of the big cities and tiny villages, who seem so unconcerned, constantly spy and report every movement of the Gestapo and the occupation troops, which were increased to 25,000 after the assassination of Heydrich. Not a single event occurs which escapes their attention.

THE situation is different in Slovakia, the so-called "autonomous" state protected by Hitler. Here there are high mountains, cliffs and ravines, caves and underground passages where a stranger to the region would be hopelessly lost. Folk-tales tell of many bandits who used to live in these mountains and then swoop down into the valley "to take from the rich and give to the poor, defeat the rich and protect the poor." The rich were in almost every period the Hungarian barons and landlords for whom the Slovak peasants had to sweat and slave.

Today there are no bandits nestling in the Tatra mountains; there are Slovak workers and peasants who have fled from the German and Hungarian masters. Their place of refuge is safer than that of their Czech brothers, and their territory is much bigger. To the east of them, guerrilla detachments of Ruthenians are hiding in the mountains. A few weeks ago the village of Meierhofen, settled by Germans in the vicinity of the Slovak town of Kezmarok, burned to the ground. It was a huge fire and the flames leaped high in the night, visible to those in the mountains who had set the blaze.

The Czechs, Slovaks, and Ruthenians are still waiting. Daily new names must be added to the long list of victims. Still other villages may be blotted out of existence. Until at last the liberating sign is given: Fighting has begun in the West! The second front has been opened in the West! Then they will emerge from the woods and mountains. And the entire population will march with them, for they are all waiting. The Czechs, Slovaks, and Ruthenians are waiting. They suffer, hate, and wait.

LENKA REINER.



Underground

ACTUAL copies and reproductions of underground papers published under the Nazis' very noses, in the occupied European territories, are on display in England together with an exhibit of other verboten activities. Included in the press display is the last letter written by Gabriel Peri, former editor of the Communist paper "L'Humanite," which still circulates secretly in France. Peri, once a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, was arrested and finally shot by the Germans for his anti-fascist activities. He wrote, "Let my countrymen know that I die so that France may live. . . ." The underground exhibit was first shown in London and then toured the provinces.

Munich Anniversary Note

THE manufacture, recovery, or repair of umbrellas has been forbidden by the British Ministry of Supply in London.

The Meanies!

ACCORDING to the Army newspaper, the "Yank," a German propagandist named Max Blokzijl has broadcast to the people of Holland that "the New Order has not been established and cannot as yet be achieved, because a selfish pack in England, America, and Soviet Russia refuses to give up key positions."

Potion

"ORTIZ said to me, 'The dignity of Argentina is democracy.' He asked me to come back; told me he had my lectures read to him. In less than two weeks he was dead."

Waldo Frank, "Argentina—Unwilling Enemy,"
"Collier's," September 26

More on the Offensive Spirit

ACCORDING to Walter Kerr, "Herald Tribune" correspondent in Moscow, when Wendell Willkie visited Soviet headquarters near Rzhev, he was greatly interested in Lieutenant General Lelushenko, commander of the Soviet forces fighting for the city. Among other things Mr. Willkie asked Lelushenko how big a front he was defending.

"Listen," said the officer to the interpreter, "you tell Mr. Willkie I'm not defending, I'm attacking."

[Readers are invited to contribute to this column. A year's subscription to NEW MASSES will be given for the best item submitted each week. Please enclose the press clipping from which the item is taken.]

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INFLATION: FACTS vs. NONSENSE

Do the "gap" and "spiral" theories hold water? Who and what accounts for rising prices? Is it Mr. Merchant's fault? A trade unionist brings the balloon back to earth.

We are happy to publish this cogent and provocative letter as part of a discussion that has been taking place in our pages for the past several weeks. Lyle Dowling, of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America, performs a very useful service in pointing to the real nature of prices in a capitalist economy, in refuting the attempts to blame the people for the inflationary danger, and in emphasizing the importance of controlling profits as a means of checking inflation. However, the question is not one of finding scapegoats, but of ending our economic disorganization of which inflation is one manifestation. It is the problem of creating a true war economy, with centralized planning, in order to achieve the greatest production efficiency.—The Editors.

To New Masses:

I would like to add my two cents' worth to the discussion of inflation which has been going on in your pages. Everybody is obliged to give the problem some real thought, because when "inflation comes about" it can create such chaos as seriously to weaken the nation at a time when we cannot possibly afford to be weak.

The unions especially have been obliged to deal with the question, because *theories as to inflation* play a very prominent part in the many difficult problems which labor organizations encounter. For example, you will have noticed that the sole and only reason given by reactionaries these days for wage-freezing is "danger of inflation." Behind this excuse these reactionaries conceal their customary opposition to paying out any more money to workers.

There are additional dangers, however, of an equally serious nature. One is that when certain sections of industry use the "wages are inflationary" excuse for opposing wage raises, they implicitly pass the blame for *their* no-raise position *onto the government*. Such an employer sits back and says, in effect: "Here I am willing to do right by you workers—but the government won't let me give you the raise." I say they do this by implication—they also do it straight out. I know of instances in which employers have plainly told this to their employes with the intent of turning the employes against both the government and indeed against *democratic* forms of government as such. Smells like Nazi stuff to me.

Another danger is that the bringing about of inflation is not a new means by which certain pro-fascist groups have fought against pro-labor governments. You will recall how this kind of inflationary attack was launched by the French banking groups against the labor Popular Front government there, and how it was on no other issue but this—the right of the Popular Front government to control the monetary system and initiate anti-inflationary measures—that the Blum Cabinet fell. So we have to keep that in mind.

Therefore, when I see people contributing to your inflation discussion beginning to toy with "compulsory savings" plans, no matter how different from what the reactionaries mean, I become very disturbed as to the meaning of all this—for it is as clear as can be that inflation cannot be prevented in this country until we first satisfy ourselves as to the *cause* of inflation.

These days there are *two* main types of explanation circulating around as to the cause of inflation. One is the "spiral" theory; the other is the "gap" theory. The "spiral" theory views the whole question from the production end, while the "gap" theory views it from the consumption end. Both theories are, however, absolutely identical in basic content: "Wages are the cause of inflation; and if inflation comes, it is labor's fault." They are both identical also in that each theory is as phony as the familiar seven-dollar bill.

What is bothering me is that far too many people who should know better are making slight but far-reaching concessions to one or another of these phony theories, above all to the "gap" theory. These concessions, however well meant, conceal within themselves very dangerous conclusions. For example, it is no use challenging the "gap" theory by saying, "Well, wage raises of the kind needed are not inflationary," or any other variant—for these varying positions also lead straight to the reactionary conclusion: wages *are* inflationary, labor *is* to blame if it happens!

The "spiral" theory need not detain us long. It rests on the mistaken notion that (1) higher wages mean higher labor cost per unit; (2) confronted by higher labor cost per unit, industry has no choice but to increase the price; (3) prices are in the main set on a basis of cost. All these notions are wrong, and are spectacularly wrong at this time. For labor cost per unit is in general going *down*. Industry does have a choice other than raising prices; and prices for decisively large groups of vital commodities are not now and never were in recent decades arrived at on the basis of cost. The prices of steel, of aluminum, of power, and any number of other important goods and services do not now have any rational relationship to cost, at all. Surely this is a familiar fact. So the "spiral" theory is just pure baloney which adds up to the old refrain: "labor is to blame."

The "gap" theory *also is a fake*—and this seems to be the thing that is making a lot of trouble. I don't mean that it is *partly* a fake, I mean it is 100 percent phony. Why?

The first thing to agree on is that there is no such entity as "inflation." Inflation is not a *thing*—it is a *situation* in which too many prices of decisive commodities and services have gone up too far. How many is too many? What are the decisive commodities and services? How far is too far? These are questions I cannot discuss here. I mention it so that we will all *stop* thinking that inflation *causes* price rises.

What we have to find out is: what *happens* when prices go up? The first point to remember is that prices do not just "rise"—they are *put* up. Somebody has to *do* something to make a price go up. From the talk you hear, you would almost think there was something called Mr. Purchasing Power walking around putting prices up. It is all very nice for the people who are really putting them up to encourage this notion. But that is no reason for sensible people to accept such a fiction.

I don't mean that every price rise is to be blamed directly on the grocer or wholesaler or even always the manufacturer. To the specific individual who has to decide what the price is going to be, his "costs" may be perfectly bona fide. But somewhere along the line in every price rise there is concealed a rise in *profit*. It may not be the man who raised the particular price who gets the profit, but it is there just the same, and somebody gets it.

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For what, after all, are the components and *only* components of a price? This is the crucial question. I think it can be entirely proved that the *only* two components of a price—*any* price—are: (1) labor cost, and (2) profit. That is all there is, there isn't any more.

True, to a given merchant or producer, there are all the items called "rent," "cost of raw materials," "dividends," "interest on note," and so forth. But each one of these broken down reveals once more the same two components: labor cost and profit cost.

Is it not clear then that when labor cost per unit is in general *going down,* higher prices can only mean *higher profits?* Both consumer income statistics, such as they are, and profits statistics show exactly the same thing.

Now the picture presented by the "gap" theory boys is this: Mr. Merchant does not have on hand as many widgets as he could sell. He has more customers wanting widgets and able to buy them (because their pockets are stuffed with wages, of course), but he doesn't have that many widgets. Therefore the widgets, confronted by these eager and willing customers, proceed to raise their own prices. But of course we know that the widgets do not raise their own prices. Mr. Merchant is the one who raises the prices.

Now Mr. Merchant, of course, may check back to his invoices and see that widgets which used to cost him one dollar now cost him two dollars from the manufacturer. So it is not, in this case, Mr. Merchant's fault. He is obliged, more or less, to raise his price according to the way the price he pays is raised.

So we have to trace back a few steps. We may even find a manufacturer who, when he has added up his "costs"—raw materials, power, rent, cost of borrowed money, dividends, wages, etc.—also concludes that he can do nothing else but raise his price to Mr. Merchant.

But when we trace this thing back as far as it will go, we inevitably must find that the owners of the sources of raw materials, the owners of power services such as electricity, steam, coal, and the owners of the *money* used in business are getting higher profits from the higher prices. Scarcity of a commodity, under present day conditions, does not *cause* a price rise. It is the higher *profit* demanded and far too often obtained by owners of fundamental production materials and owners of money which really causes price rises.

The impressive part about this whole thing is that the "gap" like the "spiral" theory not only places the blame for inflation where it does not belong, on the people—but at the same time draws attention *away from* profits, the real cause of inflation.

STILL more dangerous, it would be possible for a fairly small group of owners of these resources, in combination with owners of large amounts of capital, to combine to *create inflation* at a time when doing so would be an exceptionally vicious blow against the United States and on behalf of the fascist Axis. I say it would be possible—and if it is possible, then we ought all to be keeping our eye on the people who might cause inflation instead of going along, even to an infinitesimal degree, with the racket of keeping an eye on labor and the ordinary farmers.

To the extent that owners of raw material sources, power sources, and sources of money take the attitude, "You can't use our raw material, you can't use our power, you can't use our money *unless* you pay us ten percent more," to that extent inflation is set in motion. The process is very complex, of course. But it works far too well.

The owner, say, of copper says: "You must pay me enough more to increase my profits ten percent—you can't have my copper unless you do." So the users of copper pay. And this higher price is an expanding factor that boosts hundreds of other prices resting, so to speak, in part on the copper base.

The owner, say, of a lot of money says: "You must pay me ten or twenty or thirty percent more—you can't use my money unless you do." So the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the merchant, who have to have the money to keep going, pay up—and pass the increased cost of profits on in the form of a price. Thus the attitude of owners of large blocs of capital also functions as an expanding factor which leaves unaffected no part of the price structure.

The methods of avoiding any greater degree of inflation are not hard to *work out,* although they are not easy *to put into effect.* First, profits control as a means of making it unprofitable to raise prices. There is no other way by which raising prices can be made *un*profitable, except to do so by law—mainly by taxation. Second, price control strictly enforced to control the *overt* manifestations of higher profits in the form of raised prices.

Rationing is important for other reasons than the price control question, although it of course has a close relation to price control. Rationing is needed for reasons still more important than the "anti-inflation" fight.

My guess is that under any price control system, no matter how well enforced, the concealed pressure for raising ceilings will remain tremendous if there is not profits control, too. Any average control board, confronted by a manufacturer's statement of costs, which are bona fide so far as they go—except that they do not reveal the extent to which each increase cost is an increased profit—would go along with the manufacturer in his plea for a ceiling rise.

AS TO Mr. James Roland's article, in your September 1 issue, may I just say this, very briefly:

I do not think that amortization of mortgages, etc. is the same thing as savings, as Mr. Roland seems to hold. The extent to which the Emergency Price Control Act is to blame, as an example, for the recent rises in price ceilings on dried and canned fruits has been very considerably exaggerated. I will not give the data here—but I have facts to show (1) that more of these commodities were included in the rise than the act required, (2) that the rise permitted was substantially in excess of the rise made necessary by the act, (3) that a surprisingly large number of ceilings have been set way above the highest level made mandatory by the act. We ought to go very slow before jumping to conclusions on these things, especially when some of the conclusions tend to "blame the farmer" for situations in no way the farmer's fault.

Also, I think it would be well to face squarely the real situation as to the President's seven-point program. The program is all that it should be, I think—one that remains as the thing to aim at. However, the tax program was a most important part of this seven-point program, as was a certain type of price control which we have not yet achieved. On the tax item alone, it should be clear by now that the real developments in tax policy are in a direction *other than* that contemplated in the President's program. For this reason, while the seven-point program is still *the* program, we had better face the fact that some new approach must be worked out to achieve these aims, and that it is plain foolishness to ignore the way the tax bill will require some new approach.

Finally, keep an eye on this basic point: The sole action-content of the "spiral" theory of inflation, which holds that wage rises cause price rises, *is nothing else but an attack on the people, on organized labor especially.* It attempts to justify the cutting of wages.

The sole action-content of the "gap" theory, which holds that an increase of mass purchasing power in relation to available product causes inflation, is nothing else but an attack on the people, on labor especially. It attempts to justify the cutting of the living and working standards of the people.

These attacks place the blame where the Axis wants it: on labor. They shield from blame the real cause of price rises or inflation: *profits and the profiteers.*

LYLE DOWLING.

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NEW MASSES
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Defeatist Conspiracy

THIS issue of NEW MASSES comes out on the day President Roosevelt set as the deadline for action by Congress on farm prices. At this writing it is not yet certain what, if anything, Congress will have done by that time. What is certain, however, is that in the past ten days Congress has written its own self-indictment; it has given a graphic illustration of how to lose not only the fight against inflation, but the war.

In response to the President's demand for legislation authorizing him to stabilize farm prices at parity, the House last week passed a bill that would *raise* farm prices twelve percent above parity and boost the nation's food bill $3,500,000,000 a year. Not daring openly to challenge parity stabilization, the defeatists and reactionaries who ride the congressional steamroller known as the farm bloc got around the difficulty by concocting a brand new definition of parity to replace the formula that has been accepted for years. In the Senate a similar move got under way, though there the administration forces, led by Senator Brown of Michigan, offered sturdier opposition. Should the inflation bloc's design for higher costs of living or any compromise retaining its essential features prevail, the President would have no recourse but to veto the bill and do his own stabilization of farm prices.

Two aspects of this battle deserve special comment. One day after the House Republicans issued a declaration of principles professing support of everything necessary for victory and pledging not to uphold "any proposal or action on the basis of the interest of any particular group," they lined up 128 to 25 in favor of higher food prices for the American family. It was, in fact, the Republican vote that passed this inflationary bill, though the Republicans had plenty of company on the Democratic side.

This brings us to the second aspect: the forces behind this drive against an essential war measure requested by the Commander-in-Chief. The activities of the farm bloc have been organized and directed by Edward O'Neal of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Albert S. Goss of the National Grange, Charles Holman of the National Cooperative Milk Producers Federation, and H. E. Babcock of the National Council of Farm Cooperatives, who speak for the wealthy farmers and the "bankers with pitchforks." The *Washington Merry-Go-Round* reveals that these men worked out their plans at a secret meeting at which another "farm" leader was present—Eric Johnston, president of the US Chamber of Commerce.

When it is remembered that the National Farmers Union, which really represents the dirt farmers of the country, is backing the President, then it is clear that what has been happening in Congress is nothing less than a conspiracy organized by the defeatist and profiteering-as-usual section of big business, designed to impede and hamstring the fight for victory. It is time all of us let these political saboteurs have a piece of our minds—today and on November 3.

Eyes on Canada

THE issue of whether the Canadian government is going to revoke its ban on the Communist Party of Canada came to a highly dramatic climax as Tim Buck, the party's general secretary, and twelve of his leading associates gave themselves up to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police last week. The party has been illegal in Canada since 1940; Tim Buck and his colleagues have been living under cover, carrying forth the work of unifying the Canadian people for victory under the most difficult circumstances imaginable. Now evidently the Communists in Canada feel that the moment is ripe for a test case. Having sought these leaders for more than two years, the government in Ottawa now has the issue squarely in its lap.

There is a reason to hope that Ottawa cannot postpone the legalization of the Canadian Communists much longer. In midsummer a committee of the House of Commons was considering a proposal to remove the June 1940 ban, and modify the Defense of Canada regulations generally. This move was short-circuited at the last moment, largely because of the opposition of Louis St. Laurent, the Minister of Justice, who is a key figure among French-Canadian Liberal Party politicians upon whom the Mackenzie King government depends. On the other hand, a very wide and powerful movement to forget the past and come to grips with the enemy has been sweeping Canada: two extremely significant aspects of this were the resolution of the General Council of the United Church of Canada that the ban on the Communists be revoked, and the declaration of the Canadian Congress of Labor, analogous to our CIO, in favor of a second front. This changing atmosphere in Canada is heightened by the support which the movement to legalize the Communist Party has gotten from Mitchell Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, and his Attorney General, Gordon Conant.

Americans will be watching Ottawa these days. The release of Tim Buck and his associates on the basis of freedom for his party would be the counterpart of the release of Earl Browder last May. Canadians always hate to feel they are lagging behind their neighbor to the south. Here's a chance for Mackenzie King to prove that Canada is not.

Kaiser and a Question

HENRY J. KAISER, the West Coast shipbuilder who breaks a record every other day or so, is a man who believes in the old-fashioned American principle that the way to get things done is to do them. He needs more workers for his shipyards, but can't get them on the West Coast because of a shortage of labor, so he has sent his agents to places where available workers are plentiful—New York City, Indiana, Illinois, and Texas. Last week he set up headquarters about four blocks from the NEW MASSES office and announced he wanted 20,000 men. The result was a job-rush such as New York has'nt seen for a long time.

All of which speaks volumes for Kaiser's enterprise. But it also speaks volumes of a different sort for the way responsible officials have gone about solving the manpower problem. That it is necessary for one of the country's key war producers to go 3,000 miles across the country and try to get workers on a catch-as-catch-can basis is a shocking indictment of the organization or lack of organization of our production and manpower programs. Even more shocking is the fact that at a time when we are supposedly waging all-out war for our very existence there should exist a reservoir of 400,000 unemployed workers in a single city, New York.

There is little to add to the observations that Bruce Minton has made on the question of manpower elsewhere in this issue and in an article in our September 1 issue. We merely wish to emphasize that to see this issue largely in terms of voluntary methods versus compulsion is to miss the heart of the problem. What is required is planned control and "rationing" of labor supply as part of over-all, centralized planning of our war economy. And such planning, to be effective, must be done with the active participation of the labor movement, as well as the employers and the government.

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Dear Reader:

HAVE you searched your house painstakingly, from attic to basement; gone through your garage or shed? Please don't just try to remember what you can give to the metal scrap campaign—*look!* Maybe you'll discover those andirons Grandma gave you for the day when you might have a fireplace of your own; or the keys you had to the old apartment; or the typewriter that can't be repaired, the empty lipstick containers, broken hammer, rusting tools, extra skillet, metal doorknobs. Do you really need fancy iron trimming in the shape of balcony or stair railings? You can't possibly need it as much as this nation does. We're about 17,000,000 tons short on scrap for steel. We can't fight a war without it—not a winning war. The big drive for scrap is on: tenement houses may be razed and the scrap, appropriately enough, dropped on the heads of Hitler and Hirohito. Old locomotives and trolley cars are being thrown on the junk heap, which isn't junk any longer but the makings of tanks and tools. Every pound you add to the heap will keep the home fires burning in the blast furnaces of Pittsburgh.

New Coughlin Terror

NOT only in Berlin, in the lower Bronx, New York, Jews are being assaulted on the street by students of Goebbels. The attackers learned their ugly gospel from Goebbels' colleague in this country, Charles Coughlin. They are part of Coughlin's "Christian Front"—that much is evident from their physical tactic as well as their racial hatred, and from the fact that the Front has always been strong in that area of the Bronx. Besides, the pattern of their actions is along the same lines for which Coughlin's *Social Justice* was banned as seditious. They also molest air raid wardens, atempting to interfere with the war effort. Slogans against the war, as well as anti-Semitic legends and swastikas, are chalked up on public buildings and in subways.

Much of this is done at night, especially during blackouts, yet the Christian Front is showing an ominous boldness. One of the assaulters was caught and arrested, but that did not stop the terrorism. There must be some reason for their audacity. There is: Coughlin himself is functioning again. Recently he sent out a long letter, quoted in the *Daily Worker* and *PM*, urging former subscribers of *Social Justice* to rally around in his League of the Little Flower. The letter reeks of stale incense with its fake appeals to religious faith. There's a reason for that, too: Coughlin doesn't quite dare to blame "the democracies" any longer for Hitler's war—he blames it on sin. He suggests that God is punishing the world for its misdeeds—as Patterson's *Daily News* suggests that the world has to undergo a little "bloodletting"—so it's better to pray than fight. But more important than the sneak "piety" in the letter is the fact that Coughlin obviously is attempting to rebuild the organizational contacts he had through *Social Justice*. And more important than that is the fact that he can do this without interference. We have asked the question before: If *Social Justice* was declared seditious, how can its owner be anything else? Yet not only Coughlin is still at large—so is a pack of fifth columnists, most of them bigger and more dangerous than the twenty-eight men and women indicted for sedition by the Federal grand jury in Washington. The jury has been disbanded, with only part of its job done. The job is urgent, more urgent with every day's delay in opening the second front.

Insolence Compounded

ONE of the striking contrasts of the week was the difference in attitude toward the second front campaign of a newspaper like the New York *Times* and a statesman like Wendell Willkie. It was a contrast all the more dramatic in view of the fact that the *Times* supported Mr. Willkie in the 1940 presidential race.

The New York *Times* apparently insists upon taking for itself a certain share of leadership in the "no-second-front-now" forces; in fact, things have gotten to a point where this august matron of American journalism bids fair to outdo such shameless hussies as the New York *Daily News*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the Washington *Times-Herald* in its opposition to the second front, although certainly in terms of motives there is no doubt that the *Times* wants to win the war, whereas the same can't be said for the others.

At any rate, last week things hit a new low. On September 26, the *Times* published an editorial which was among the most exasperating and arrogant of its kind. But hardly had the ink dried on it when Wendell Willkie, in far-off Moscow, practically refuted it word for word.

In his statement Willkie emphasized that the Soviet front must be considered part of the global front: as much American and British as it is Russian. The *Times*, however, makes every effort to suggest a separation of our stakes in this war from those of Russia. Willkie implied strongly that the second front must come while Russia's fight is at its peak. For the *Times*, however, the Soviet Union is always applauded as though she were a larger, more effective Yugoslavia, not as a decisive factor of a coalition. In fact, the whole editorial simply breathes disdain for the concept of coalition. Never once does the *Times* admit the pivotal position which the Soviet Union occupies in world-strategic relations, the fact that if the Nazis advance any further on Soviet soil, the keys of Asia, Africa, and perhaps Latin America lie in their hands as a result.

Most annoying of all is the way the *Times* takes it upon itself to tell other people to shut up on the second front issue. If the *Times* is opposed to the second front, let it say so openly and give us valid reasons why. But it has no business telling other people who favor the second front to hush.

The crowning insolence of the whole procedure is a disgusting clause in the *Times* editorial which insinuates that the Communists are trying to change "United Nations military strategy" to suit "the party line." In the first place this implies that the military strategy which opposes the opening of a second front is a "United Nations" strategy. So far as we know, the only really unified decision on record, the only decision made with Soviet participation, is the decision to open a second front in 1942.

Secondly, the charge that the second front is a "party line" matter is a gross aspersion on the Communists, as though they have any interests other than those of the whole nation when they urge a second front now. Thirdly, it is a gross aspersion on all those millions in this country and Britain, among them Wendell Willkie, whose championship of the second front is proof of what a wide, truly national issue it is. And Mr. Willkie gives the *coup de grace* to the effort of the *Times* to hush public opinion when he openly calls for some "public prodding" of our higher-ups.

Willkie's visit has given a real spurt to the second front campaign, The issue, as our editorial last week emphasized, is by no means decided. There is an acute division of opinion in ruling circles on the subject. The hard necessities of the military situation, plus the growing popular feeling, can yet have the effect of hastening action, of defeating the defeatists and fulfilling the President's pledge.

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THE FOUR WHO CAME BACK

In "They Were Expendable," W. L. White has woven the firsthand accounts of four fighting navy men into a brilliant saga. The technique of cooperative writing.

"In a war," the young naval officer explained, "anything can be expendable—money or gasoline or equipment or most usually men. They are expending you and that machine gun to get time. They don't expect to see either one again. They expect you to stay there and spray that road with steel until you're killed or captured, holding up the enemy for a few minutes or even a precious quarter of an hour.

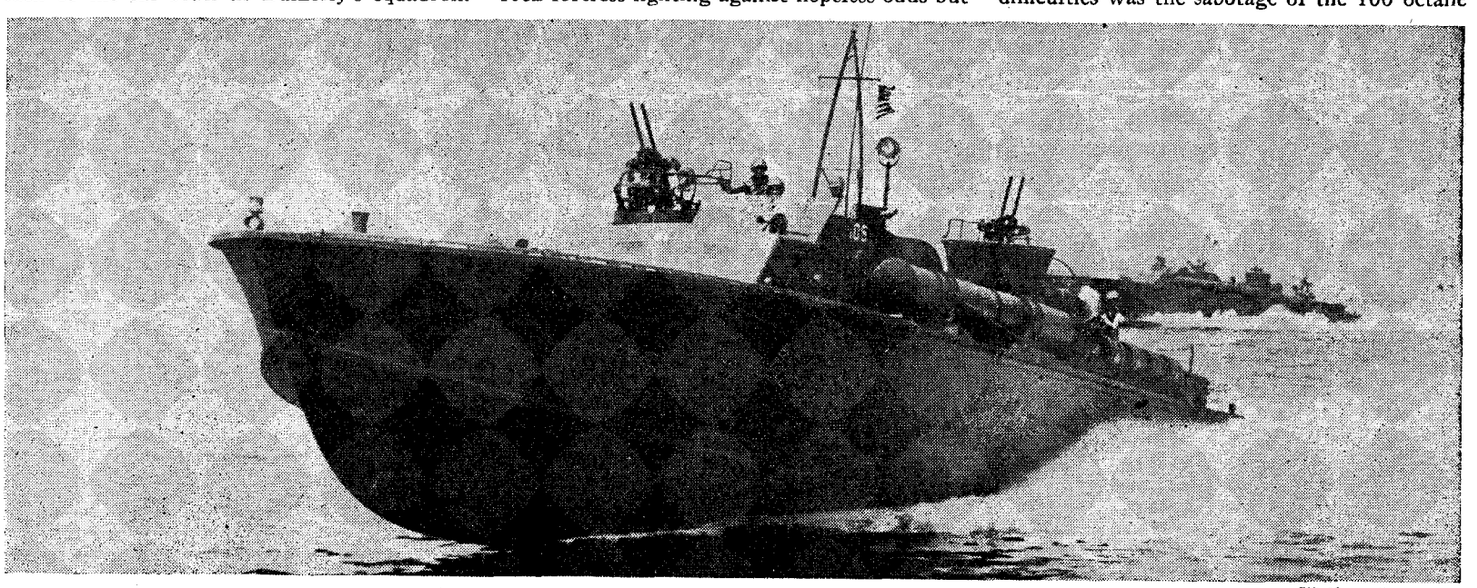
"You know the situation—that those few minutes gained are worth the life of a man to your army. So you don't mind it until you come back here where people waste hours and days and sometimes weeks, when you've seen your friends give their lives to save minutes—"

IF ANYONE, looking at Congress, thinks this is a leisurely war, he ought to read W. L. White's *They Were Expendable* (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Mr. White interviewed four survivors of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3—Lieut.-Com. John Bulkeley, Lieut. Robert Kelly, Ensigns Anthony Akers and George Cox. He listened to their stories of the Philippine campaign, and wove these firsthand accounts into a narrative which retains the smashing images and accents of a war in which minutes are precious. Fighting men do the talking here. The result is a brilliant, fighting book which slashes away at false optimism, complacency, and damnable dawdling. A Distinguished Service Cross should go to the first patriot who rams *They Were Expendable* down Robert Taft's throat.

Last fall there were about a dozen men for each of the six boats in Bulkeley's squadron. The boats are gone, and all but a few of the men. But in the plywood speedboats, built without an ounce of armored steel, the expendables did a job that America won't forget. "We're little eggshells," Bulkeley says, "designed to roar in, let fly a Sunday punch, and then get the hell out, zigging to dodge the shells." Circling, twisting, weaving like a featherweight, Bulkeley's squadron could knock out a cruiser and then "execute the naval maneuver technically known as getting the hell out of there." With Chalker, machinist's mate from Texarkana, pouring 50-calibre slugs into the sky, one of the MTB's could bring down a dive bomber. These boats could zigzag into Manila bay and destroy the harbor shipping before it fell into enemy hands. Bulkeley and his men could be entrusted with the perilous task of moving General MacArthur out of Bataan and landing him safely on the first hop of his trip to Australia. As Captain Ray, naval chief of staff, put it in a kidding message to Bulkeley: "I really think your gang is getting too tough. The latest report is that 'Three dive bombers were seen being chased over Mariveles Mountain by an MTB.' Don't you think this is carrying the war a bit too far?"

EACH of the four officers contributes to the narrative from a different angle of vision. Bulkeley was at Cavite when that vital base was blasted. Kelly was on Corregidor for a time, nursing a badly infected arm, and he gives us a vivid picture of the beleaguered rock fortress fighting against hopeless odds but with wonderful bravery. Ensign Cox, who drove an ambulance in France in 1940, compares the fighting on Luzon with the fighting in France: "The same lack of equipment, planes, communications. . . . But on Bataan, even when they knew in their hearts it was hopeless, they'd say, 'Damn it, we're *not* backing up to Corregidor—we're going to hold them here!' They kept on fighting even down to the last ditch, when they were so tired they staggered—and I have watched them stagger—and when they surrendered it was with their arms in their hands." The accounts of these men are neither self-effacingly modest nor self-consciously heroic. They gave all they had, and they take it for granted that no decent American would do less.

They pull no punches in describing the hardships and the shortcomings of the war. They can't understand why the officers at Pearl Harbor were surprised, since the Hawaii base got the same warnings as they did in Manila. They deplore the lack of preparations for the fight. The price of isolationism and appeasement was appalling. At least half the Filipino army, they observe, did not have a uniform until a few weeks before fighting started. The anti-aircraft guns on Corregidor did not have the range to get the enemy planes which circled the bay "like it was a parade maneuver," sailing impudently over Corregidor "like a flock of well-disciplined buzzards." There was a food shortage in the navy at the outset, and "All you got for lunch was stomach cramps about noon." Added to these difficulties was the sabotage of the 100 octane



US Navy official photo

"We're little eggshells," Bulkeley said, "designed to roar in, let fly a Sunday punch, and then get the hell out, zigging to dodge the shells."

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gasoline, "more ticklish than dynamite," used by the torpedo boats. Someone had dissolved wax in the gas, which had congealed in a coat half an inch thick and clogged the filters.

AFTER the air corps on Luzon, like that at Pearl Harbor, had been caught napping, these men see no reason for similar carelessness elsewhere. How slow we learn in a war, Lieutenant Kelly grieves. Months after Pearl Harbor, on his way out through Australia, he passed a big American field: "And there they are, bombers and fighters parked in orderly rows, wing tip to wing tip. 'Hell,' they told me, 'the Japs are hundreds of miles away.' Except that's where they're always supposed to be when they catch you with your *pants down, and I thought to myself, Jesus* Christ, won't these guys ever learn?" Equally exasperating is the story of the major and lieutenant who sent tanks into a Japanese trap without scouting ahead. The "damn fool maneuver" had worked at armored school back in the States; only the native roads weren't graded cement highways but narrow paths with rice paddies on both sides. Akers didn't like the idea of the Japanese entering a Manila whose oil reserves would have been left intact had not a junior officer on his own initiative ordered them to be blown up. "Maybe some of them belonged to private companies," he comments; "it would go against a businessman's grain to blow up good oil," and he notes with satisfaction that the junior officer was given a Navy Cross for firing the oil. Similarly Lieutenant Kelly doesn't seem to care much for the two generals who were too busy fighting old West Point quarrels to get after the Japanese. Kelly's comment is brief: "How the war between the generals came out I never learned; maybe they're fighting it in a Japanese prison camp."

But the people portrayed in this book have guts, and we get to know them and to admire them for their toughness, resourcefulness, and loyalty. This is a tribute to the thousands who fought and continue to fight like tigers. There were the fourteen nurses on Corregidor, great women, particularly nurse Peggy, whom Kelly describes with love. There was the Negro merchant sailor with his broken shoulder bone sticking through his skin, "a very brave guy." There were the staunch Filipinos. There was the sailor who carried on with a shrapnel hole in his throat.

This heroic story of fighting Americans is a challenge to all of us. You don't wonder, after you read it, that the men are good and sore at the complacent headline writer and the "silky-voiced" radio commentator who announces "major victories" that have not taken place, or at those "outfits working on war contracts who were paying their stenographers $50,000 a year and charging it to the government as expenses until they were caught. One can imagine how they feel about a Congress that is holding up the food, oil, and guns that they need so badly. These men were expendable. The cause for which they fought so doggedly is not. That is what this book will not let us forget.

This story is the best American example of a fruitful collaboration between the men who live a story and the trained writer who weaves it into a continuous narrative. Soviet novelists like Sholokhov, Ehrenbourg, and Petrov discovered at the beginning of the war that such collaboration was necessary for an effective depiction of a people's war. The actors of the story provide the firsthand materials, a sense of immediacy, the actual feeling of combat. The narrator becomes a kind of editor whose function is to select and arrange what he has been told by the participants. He gives the story its continuity, its shading, its organization of suspense and climax. Much, I think, can be learned by writers if they will study Mr. White's technique in this book. The essence of this technique is to obliterate Mr. White, and to let the men do the talking. Indeed, the author has been so successful that his name attached to the book seems almost an irrelevance, until one stops to consider how much skill was needed to produce the effortless and continuously exciting narrative. This is cooperative writing of the highest order, a brilliant example for later books.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Science of Language

THE GIFT OF TONGUES, *by Margaret Schlauch. Modern Age. $2.50.*

PROFESSOR SCHLAUCH'S book is unusual among books on language both for the scholar and the general reader. It retains throughout an extraordinary grasp of the unitary function of language, a recognition that no separate discussion of morphology, philology, or the recently fashionable semantics can adequately describe this most collective of all arts, this most social of human adaptations. For speech is not the predetermined result of maturational factors. A baby will learn to walk but never to talk without example. The larnyx, the posture that enabled the hands to replace the mouth as a prehensile tool—these are structural factors that explain our choice of vocal communication instead of any other sign system (eg. the gesture symbols of deaf-mutes). Language is communication—in saying this we say everything. Language study seems dull to many because this obvious fact is lost sight of. As Professor Schlauch shows —and her book is itself a striking illustration—it is the most humane of the sciences. Nothing is more intimately a part of man's works than his words.

Hers is necessarily a brief survey of many language principles—sound production, the genealogy of tongues, etymology. Yet even where the author is merely organizing already established material, she shares with us her delightful and humorous employment of general theory. To this end the book is rich with examples and exercises—field assignments for the amateur. She invites the casual reader to share with the serious student a sense of the drama in the most faded of our words. It is gratifying to our need of a literal application of ideas to note that "precipitate" actually means "headlong" from the Latin *caput* and that "achieve" means "come to a head" from another form of the same root, or to share the shrewd observation concealed in "ambitious" which describes a person who keeps running hither and yon from the verb *ire,* to go.

There is a social lesson in her illustration of the equal capacities for expression in the speech of all peoples. Our absolutes—parts of speech, inflections, tense, word-order may turn out to be completely different, even absent in the usages of other speakers.

Some of the controversies of the scholars are here too. Did speech have a single or a multiple origin? That question, she concludes, "must be tabled until we know more of earlier forms." She is perhaps not so prudent on the subject of an ultimate single language for mankind. Professor Schlauch dismisses the views of Ogden, who claimed that the absence of an international language (like Basic English) "is the chief obstacle to international understanding and consequently the chief underlying cause of war." Yet she does believe that after the basic requirements of amity have been established, an international language will be an essential aid, an inevitable outcome. This seems quite possible, but to me, a remote and unnecessary speculation. Like the theory of a synthetic race it is somehow based on some remnant of the feeling that language or appearance constitutes significant differences between men. Beyond this, the book itself admirably demonstrates that there is no "logical syntax of language"—but many ways of saying things that are essentially different for culturally different people.

Then there is the question of phonetic laws. Professor Schlauch concludes her summary of the way words are frayed and reformed in use with the remark that "knowledge of sound changes often tells you what to expect in various forms of a word to be studied. It helps you to guess relations intelligently and by putting order in the place of arbitrariness, it makes your task of learning more pleasurable." But we are interested in something more than a learning system. Possibly the drift in language is not properly concerned with changes of content at all, merely with changes in formal expression, as Sapir believes. But Graf has asked more fundamentally, "Why is it that sound changes occur at all, and why do they follow certain channels here, others there? Why are they so astonishingly regular and uniformly spread over large territories? Why are the alterations so few and slow during one period, so numerous and fast in others?" I am sure Professor Schlauch

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has her suggestions in answer to these questions. They are among the most interesting the specialist can offer the general reader. But by their omission she seems to rely on the quasi-physiological formula of "ease of articulation." ("It takes more energy to produce a sharp voiceless sound"; "attention and energy are strongest when we begin to speak.") Yet ease is a subjective factor, as she herself points out; some people find hopelessly difficult sound combinations that are simple to us.

Semantics is "vocabulary in motion." In a brief chapter which uses the most valid of the well-known principles of Ogden and Richards, Alfred Korzibski, P. W. Bridgman (a thing is not a word; a word is merely a symbol made up of sounds; the most useful words have specific referents; a definition should contain the operations by which you test for the concept), she suggests the aids to misunderstanding that lie in the associations of words. As a philologist she understands, much better than, for example, Stuart Chase, the particular routes and causes of changes in the meaning of words. "There must be something in the cultural history of a people which will help us understand why *fertig* which in German meant 'ready for a journey' now means 'ready for anything.'" To the agitated proselytes of the semantic route to heaven, she has this to say: "The practical effectiveness of this study will be increased rather than diminished when the popular writers limit their claims to the real advantages to be derived from it, without promising social panaceas in addition." It seems to me too, to be ultimately impossible to circumscribe the meaning of many words; words are as mutable as other human institutions, as subject to the reinterpretations of succeeding generations.

The book has a very original chapter on "Language and Poetic Creation." "It may be said," she writes, "that etymology is one of the devices by which readers are now called upon to share the creative act." And as examples she discusses the ways of modern writers like Joyce, Hart Crane, Gertrude Stein, Auden, and others. By means of puns or the use of homonyms, by verbal and phrasal distortion, a writer like Joyce can create for the initiate an effect like that of polyphony in music. Many meanings seem to be evoked simultaneously. The effect of modern experiments in poetry has been to expand the resources of language in quite a number of directions and these are sharply selected in this chapter. Yet I wonder whether certain of these writers deserve so much of our attention as Professor Schlauch seems to think. Even from the technical standpoint the work of Miss Stein appears to be extremely limited, a studied banality, at least to this reader. And it is to be doubted whether technical complexity is itself the virtue it appears to a person whose special training is in the organization of complex word-relationships. She writes hopefully of that generation whose heritage is the whole of culture—"for such readers of the future the technical devices here surveyed will no doubt appear much more

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transparent than now in our own day." Yet this Spenserian evolution in art—from the simple to the complex form—seems to me to be naive in its own way. An art like that of Joyce may be essentially incapable of portraying significant action and certainty, the thought traces of a confident generation, since its very method is that of the Hamlet in words who can no more isolate a meaning than a course of action.

What is best in this book comes from Margaret Schlauch's keen sense of the social role of language—the role played by Cockney English and the jargon of the upper classes as well as the subtle social arrangement reflected in the use of pronouns in Malay—wherein a speaker must decide into which of ten levels the persons referred to belongs. It is really impossible to do justice to the active sense of social values that lifts and enlivens this book at every turn. There is, for example, the charming discourse on the speech of butlers represented by P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves. The ruling classes, Professor Schlauch suggests, relegated to their servants the task of maintaining fancy dress speech as well as fancy dress. Jeeves' master can afford to be careless of both, since he maintains, by conspicuous consumption, the style of the eighteenth century in the speech of his butler.

With great learning and wit Professor Schlauch has demonstrated that linguistic analysis cannot ultimately be divorced from social analysis. This stimulating introduction to the science of language provides not only the basic facts of speech, but even more important a scientific method which will give these facts their deepest and richest meaning.

MARIAN ANDREWS.

Philippine Poets

CHORUS FOR AMERICA. *Edited by Carlos Bulosan. Wagon and Star Publishers.*

AMONG the many myths being destroyed by this war is the myth of racial superiority. Now a myth may be destroyed in two ways: either by truth or by a countermyth. The Japanese, for example, with their deceptive slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics" are simply turning Kipling upside down; the "white man's burden" becomes the "yellow man's burden"; the slave's appeal for freedom is met with an exchange of masters. When this challenge is not met forthrightly—as it is *not* being met in regard to India today—the result is chaos. But when even the first tentative steps in the right direction have been taken, then we get the epic of Bataan—Filipino and American riveted in one purpose, comrades in one war. In the fires of those foxholes was forged the key to the colonial (and Negro) question: when a people fights for itself it fights for us.

The appearance of these six Philippine poets is like gleaming in the rocks—a small outcropping of a culture most of us know very little about. But as the editor points out, although Philippine literature has a long tradition of struggle against tyranny, it has become most resurgent in recent years with the growing industrialism of the islands. "The vision of a free and independent Philippines will surely bring forward a new and richer literature. . . ."

Seeds must not be judged as final growths. There are awkwardnesses here one might expect to find among writers grappling with the difficulties of a tri-lingual culture. There are the archaisms of young poets still groping for their own expression and borrowing meanwhile from the classics. But with all that, each of these poets in his own way has vitality and pulse, the life-given language when it communicates deeply felt experience.

Villa weaves adroit love lyrics reminiscent of the songs of Solomon. He seems the least socially conscious of the group. Da Costa's "Like the Molave" is a crude but powerful affirmation of Philippine nationalism and was (before the Japanese occupation) required reading in the Philippine schools. Feria finds "New hopes behind mask-faces. . . ." Rigor's "Memorial to America" is an exotic blossom of the cross-breeding of cultures: "my Malay mother's bosoms" and the "obelisk skyscraper," "Andalusian airs" and "the pragmatic wisdom of your gigantic proportions." Baroga's dramatic pieces are like tiny plays fashioned by a Chinese craftsman. The final group by Carlos Bulosan records simply and movingly the impact of the war.

One closes a collection of this sort with a sense of obligation. For these Philippine writers have not taken refuge in a shell of bitterness, although they have all experienced "the exalted word" and "the intolerable deed." Yet they have faith in the American dream of democracy and their brothers died for that faith on Bataan. It is up to us to see that for them—as for all colonial peoples—the word becomes flesh, the dream reality.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER.

Cultural Origins

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE AND OTHER ESSAYS, *by Constance Rourke. Edited with a preface by Van Wyck Brooks. Harcourt, Brace. $3.*

CONSTANCE ROURKE did some good pioneer work in *American Humor* and *Trumpets of Jubilee.* This book, edited by Van Wyck Brooks from the papers left unfinished at the time of her death, is about one-third of a projected history of American culture. Like her other books, it is full of good things; it is useful in teaching and it supplements Parrington at certain points. But finally I think we must conclude that even at its best this book (and Miss Rourke's others) lacks illumination. As it is it will have a moderate reading public of gray-haired thoughtful people and their students. If it had been written by Miss Rourke with a grasp of certain essentials I think such a book could have found a much wider audience and could have spoken in the language of our culture to diverse types of Americans over an extended time.

What's in this book? My notes say about the first essay, which entitles the volume—excellent in unexpected places, compact at points.

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But even this ambitious essay is curiously thin. Miss Rourke comes near enough contemporary reality to mention Veblen's theory of the leisure class, but no further. And she fails to say the trenchant thing with even Veblen to help. So we find her walking around and around the interesting spot, nearer and nearer the key to discovery and not even aware that she is missing what we all see. Culture—what is it? Are the arts necessarily luxuries? Miss Rourke gives partial answers to these and other questions, but she is unable to penetrate into the heart of the matter.

For me the bafflement grew until I reached this passage: "As for the long course of argument advanced frequently by Marxist critics and others, that our culture has been destroyed or diminished by a persistent materialism. . . ." Then I began to understand Miss Rourke's misconceptions. We must promptly ask: what Marxist critic ever said anything of the sort? For this lapse indicates that Miss Rourke had never taken time to think, much less read, along the lines of her comment. A trained writer of any sort would certainly ask himself in the interests of simple logic how materialists could possibly claim that materialism had destroyed or diminished culture.

The other essays in the book are equally uneven. "The Rise of Theatricals," with its six sub-headings, is pleasant research. "Early American Music,"—very valuable, to my mind. "The Shakers"—excellent material, thrillingly written. "A Note on Folklore"—a mere note; others have done better who have not Miss Rourke's reputation. "Voltaire Coombe"—minor but nice. "Traditions for a Negro Literature"—extremely thin stuff if you have read the new writers of the *Negro Quarterly*. "American Art, a Possible Future"—so, so.

If Miss Rourke knew, as she seemed to know, that the characteristic of culture in the true sense is that it is shared by the whole group, why is the tie-up to our time so vague? If she knew that culture is essential to communication and, like light and air, something that resists being boxed up, sold, or cornered how can she lack the power to get her fingers on the story of the battle to box it up, sell and corner it?

The items Miss Rourke brings forth to prove her point with the best will in the world, take on a set and sorry complexion; the only colors that will do, of course, are human colors and those—those have been sold down the river. Background, no doubt we have plenty of that—but what about the foreground?

The formula of the old Seven Arts is hidden at the core of this thinking: find a tradition, prove its existence to the right people, and they will produce art. We catch an odd glimpse of the middle class mind which lost its culture on its way to power in the last half of the nineteenth century, and projected its loss on the periods before that time. But it is only a glimpse. When we have finished the book we carry away many useful small articles after we have unwrapped and thrown away the theory.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

WAR DIARY OF THE SOVIET FILM

From the moment of invasion this is how the industry adjusted itself to new demands. What leading movie-makers are now doing. Shifting the studios.

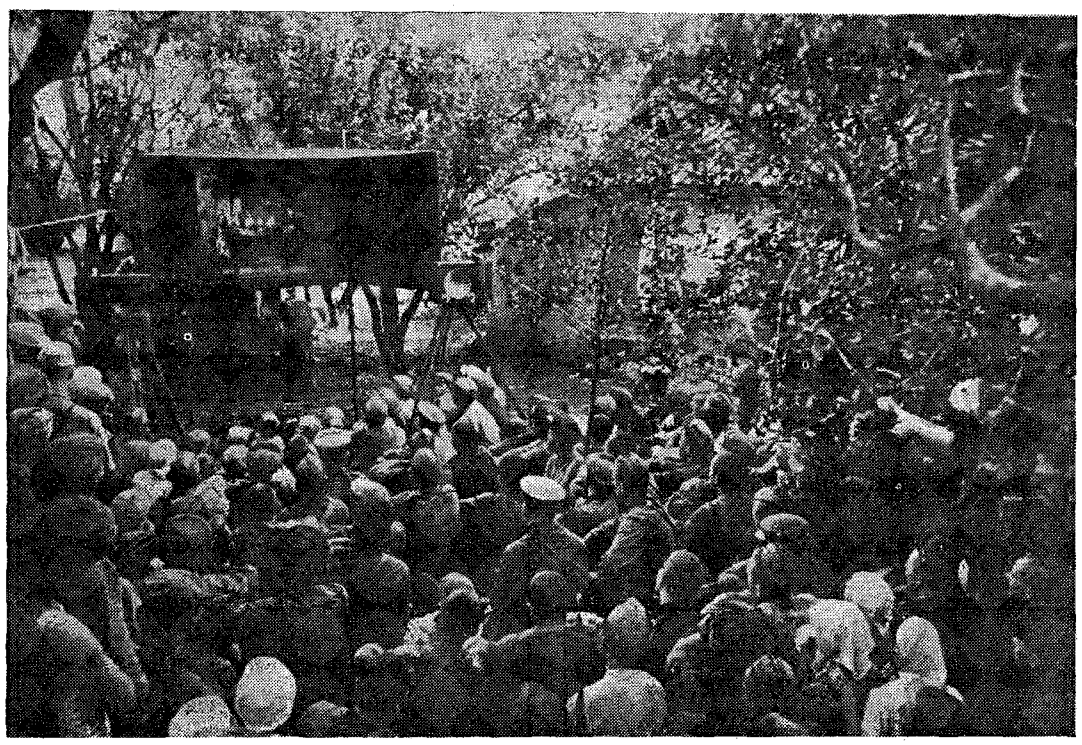
THE film in the Soviet Union has always demonstrated an interdependence between its art and its country's history, its country's aims. In the life and death struggle in which that country is now engaged that interlocking grows firmer. The film's expression of the epoch and of the individual in this epoch is heightened and grows more intense.

How quickly did this adjustment take effect?

We can find a frank and accurate picture of the film industry there through the pages of the Soviet movie trade paper, a weekly called *Kino*. The issue dated June 20, 1941, is a normal one in every respect except its date. As the last glimpse of a pre-war film industry, it merits a close inspection.

Page one is devoted to articles relating the Soviet cinema to Maxim Gorky, the anniversary of whose death was observed that week. Page two contains reports on productions in work at the Mosfilm and Lenfilm Studios, and correspondence from the new studio in Tashkent and from Sverdlovsk. Page three reports new films under discussion in Kiev, Odessa, the Lenfilm Studio in Leningrad, and the Mosfilm Studio in Moscow. From Mosfilm comes a discussion around the proposed sequel to *General Suvorov,* which records the opinions of its director Pudovkin, the studio's artistic director Eisenstein, the scenarist, the cameraman, and the actors on the studio committee. Major-General Shimonayev, who was given a scenario, set in the siege of Sevastopol (1855) for criticism, publishes his report in full. Progress in dubbing each Soviet nationality's film production in the languages of other nationalities in the Union, is described. Page four is full of small pieces of news and other studio reports. Lenfilm has sent the actors Sverdlin and Cherkasov to Ulan-Bator to assist in a Mongolian Republic production. Natasha Matveyeva, the real Girl upon whose frontline experiences *Girl from Leningrad* was based, speaks at the opening of the film in Terioki. A film on Gogol's youth is nearing completion. The animated-cartoon studio has fourteen films in production. From Shanghai comes news of the reception there of Pudovkin's *Minin and Pozharsky* and from America items about *The Howards of Virginia* and *Grapes of Wrath.* There are films on football and the Dneipr River and, threaded through the whole page, announcements and notes of military films, dramatic ones, educational ones, reconstructing battles of the past, and training for battles of the future.

Two days later the German army crossed the Soviet border, and the next issue of *Kino* (on June 27) shows the Soviet film industry already on a full wartime footing. Besides stirring statements from every leading filmmaker, there are detailed proposals to speed production, and cut all waste. New emphasis is placed on widening newsreel coverage of every vital move, behind and at the front, so that no Soviet citizen will lack visual information on his country's struggle. The new Eastern studios in Tashkent, Stalinabad, Alma-Ata prepare for new production emergencies. Units are already working on short dramatic and satirical films to bring the issues and needs of the war close to the brain and heart of every man, woman, and child. A full program of instructional films for civilian war activity is launched. Every studio has its air raid drills, its blood donors, and its rifle classes.



A Red Army film show. The apparatus is a portable rear-projection unit that can be used in full daylight—at the front, in a forest clearing, or on a battleship's deck.

SOVIET film-makers pledged themselves to reflect every aspect of the war in the many-sided, creative mirror of their medium. They, backed by their government's belief in and respect for the film medium, have achieved such success that their accomplishment is worth recording as a model for the role of an art in a war.

On the day of the invasion film-makers in every studio held conferences to determine how best they could help their country fight its war. Without any inter-studio conference, two of the Moscow studios and a Leningrad studio arrived at the same solution—short, sharply pointed films to be made quickly by any crew that could submit a good idea. Within a week eight different short films were in production—among them, a drama at the front, a satire on Hitler's ambition, an illustration of a popular song, and a whole group of three-minute cartoon-posters. As the first shock of attack wore away, the film industry examined its war baby, born overnight, found it good, and determined to foster it with extra production care, a working plan, and an editorial committee. This latter was formed in the first week of July, and included Pudovkin, Donskoy, and Alexandrov. Their job was to organize the spontaneous short productions into regular monthly issues. These, under the series title, *Victory Will Be Ours,* were open to short films in any form, any style, as long as they said something important about some phase of the war against fascism. They poured in, from Moscow and Leningrad, from Kiev and Odessa—farce, fantasy, comedy, tragedy.

In Mosfilm the film-makers discussed the values and problems of the new form. Eisenstein led the discussion citing the short-story methods of Robert Louis Stevenson and Ambrose Bierce as useful for study, for Soviet film-makers feel obliged to study their job, in war or peace. Eisenstein read a Russian translation of a Bierce Civil War story, "The

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Affair at Coulter's Notch" as an ideal precedent for the short story war film form. At a conference at Lenfilm, chairmaned by Frederick Ermler, every director-writer team submitted a script for the new shorts.

With Shostakovich and other composers throwing their rich talents into songs for a fighting people to sing, and with the best painters flooding the TASS windows with posters and caricatures, it is not surprising to find the best film-artists devoting themselves to this wonderful short film form. They were creating the patriotic poetry of wartime.

PHOTOGRAPHED in sets left over from more ambitious films, played by volunteer actors, great and unknown, who refused payment for this work, the first compilation of these films achieved an enormous popular success when it appeared at the end of July. The second issue, which is shown in North and South America as *This Is the Enemy,* appeared in August, composed of five items, and climaxed by a bitter drama of Yugoslav hostages. This concluding item was made by the emigré director, Herbert Rappaport. Every month since, no matter what hardships the studios endure (and these hardships have already increased beyond Hollywood's imagination), a new issue of *Victory Will Be Ours* appears. Nothing stops them—not even the incendiary bombs that fell on Mosfilm's roof over the stage where Pudovkin was filming an item for the third issue. These are war films for fighters, and their continuation proves their validity and authenticity.

The men and women who made films often insisted on making war in the more traditional way. As the Nazis approached Kiev, many of the film-workers joined the armed forces while the main body of the studio moved east to Tashkent. There was no news for months of the whereabouts of Alexander Dovzhenko, head of the Kiev studio and creator of some of the greatest of Soviet film masterpieces. When Leningrad was endangered, Lenfilm was not able to hold back from actual battle many of its young and old artists. Lola Fyodorina, the *Chizhik* of *Girl from Leningrad* brought her role to life by joining a unit of nurses at the front. Mikhail Rosenberg, brilliant young author of *Girl from Leningrad* and short films for the monthly issue, joined a Komsomol detachment and has been reported killed in action. Boris Poslavsky, famous character actor, helped construct the Leningrad defenses, day and night. As studio-workers and projectionists left their jobs for the front, women took over. Films had to be made and shown.

As the enemy drew near to the gates of Moscow at the beginning of the winter, the government made its decision to withdraw eastward all government offices unrelated to the defense of the city, all representatives of foreign governments, and all the film studios. The removal of all vital industries excepting those needed in Moscow at that critical moment had already taken place. The government and embassies and correspondents were concentrated in the temporary capital of Kuibyshev, on the Volga. The film studios were evacuated from danger zones and scattered to the furthest corners of the Soviet Union. This move away from threatened Moscow was accomplished in twenty-four hours (October 16). The magnitude of this act may be guessed if you try to imagine the mechanics of shifting the entire organization of Twentieth Century-Fox from Beverly Hills to Minneapolis and Paramount to New Orleans while the whole US Army is moving in the opposite direction toward the West Coast. This is what happened when the huge studios of Mosfilm and Lenfilm were moved to Alma-Ata in the Kazakhstan Republic and the Children's Film Studio was abruptly shifted to Stalinabad in Tadjikistan. A personal glimpse of this move is provided by my sister-in-law, who with her husband, forms a camera team at the Children's Film Studio:

"Stalinabad is the furthest point south on the Soviet map (that's why we are here). It is a very nice town, quiet, the lights burn at night, and once a week we get an earthquake, but an earthquake is much, much better than a bomb. . . .

"The fact that we have to start life all over again in a new place makes it all the more interesting. Working here is not easy as we are like pioneers, having to make the studio all over again. Our studio here will be better than the one in Moscow and of course the weather is ideal for filming. . . ."

The hardships attendant on the uprooting of these studios seem unimportant beside the greater hardships of war, but I believe it takes a special kind of heroism to continue the production of films in the middle of deserts which had been begun in two of the greatest cultural centers of Europe, Moscow and Leningrad. But they did go on. At the Children's Film Studio Yutkevich continued his production of *New Adventures of the Good Soldier Schweik.*

The civilians receive arms. From "Moscow Strikes Back."

In Ashkhabad, on the Iranian border, Donskoy is filming *The Making of a Hero,* and Savchenko is making a sequel to *Guerrilla Brigade.* Even dramatic films about the heroic defenses of Leningrad and Moscow are being completed in Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan. Films for the Lermontov anniversary are faithfully continued.

EISENSTEIN, Tisse, and Prokofiev shifted their film production on Ivan the Terrible from Moscow to Baku, and then to Alma-Ata. There Eisenstein not only continues his historical allegory as if he were at home in his comfortable Moscow studio, but also supervises the other productions of his shifted studio, and directs the State Film Institute, which has also taken up wartime quarters in secure Alma-Ata. The job of the Film Institute in training young film-makers in every branch of creative work has been stepped up in time and in scope. In an industry where the average age is between twenty-four and thirty years, there can be little opportunity for hardening of the artistic arteries.

The offices of the entire film industry were moved to Novosibirsk, but since March are back in their Moscow quarters. The studios stay in the East.

The newsreel's job was the toughest of all. In the first week after invasion four crews had been sent to four sectors of the long front, all headed by veterans of the best of all war documentaries—*The Mannerheim Line.* Within four months there were 100 newsreel cameramen covering every phase of the fight even to parachuting with parachute troops and hiding with guerrilla fighters, filming history in *detail,* from the White Sea to the Black Sea. Within this time a newsreel method of unprecedented scale was worked out: to send back two kinds of material from every post —over-all coverage of events for items in the

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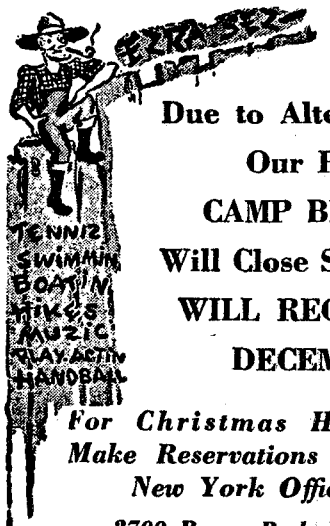

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weekly newsreel, and detailed, almost documentary footage of every event for feature newsreels to be edited around the major clashes of the war—the push-back at Moscow, the siege of Leningrad, the fight at Kharkov, the tragedy of Sevastopol. Only the first of these, *Moscow Strikes Back,* has thus far arrived in this country. Working on this film the cameramen Schneiderov and Karmen have told graphic and exciting accounts of their experiences. This is from Schneiderov's notes:

"It was a dark night when we flew over the German lines. My photographic supplies were to take one parachute, myself another. German searchlights probed the sky around us and Nazi anti-aircraft sent up a trail of bullets after us.

"I jumped and as we parachuted to the ground a group of German night-fighters attacked us. Our planes gave fight and one of our men was killed. Three of us, myself included, were wounded.

"I was worried about my camera and other equipment and would not leave the spot despite the commander's suggestion. We couldn't move for the planes were still circling over us, and I worried all night about my camera.

"Toward morning I saw the red flag marker on our supplies and hurried to claim it. By some miracle, nothing was damaged."

THE audience was kept supplied with films. Morale was kept stiff by telling the truth on the screen. Each spectator was kept strong by seeing the strength of his country and his army—whether he was a Moscow citizen watching the film shows given in the Moscow subway, or a Sevastopol defender dodging the Luftwaffe for rest, tea, and a movie.

The audience was kept aware; instruction was never relaxed. Actually, instruction came closer and closer to a life and death matter. While the first instructional films had titles such as *How to Fight Incendiary Bombs* and *How to Recognize Enemy Aircraft,* those intended for civilians gradually took on titles such as *Military Surgery* and *How to Operate the Machine-Gun and Rifle.*

There had always been films about the Red Army, in the Red Army, and for the Red Army, but now the Red Army really saw plenty of films, because films became as essential to their fighting life as newspapers or guns. Sixteen millimeter equipment and projection apparatus have received their first real Soviet test in trenches and dugouts. All prisoners are given regular film-shows, whose programs are superintended by expert psychologists. In his report to the Society of Motion Picture Engineers, Gregori Irsky has told of special apparatus to bring films to the Red Army—traveling projection installations and special equipment for showing pictures in military camps during the daytime without the need for darkened places.

Foreign markets have never been the goal of Soviet film productions, but never before have the film theaters of the Soviet Union's allies cried so loud for Soviet films. These peoples need them too, for morale and strength. The demand is so great in England that every new dramatic film that arrives there is immediately dubbed in the English language. America is less interested in dubbed versions than in re-makes with their own stars and American voices. Already two have been purchased for this purpose: *Girl from Leningrad* and *The Thirteen.* Where Soviet films once dribbled through Latin America, they are now pouring, with one or two notable exceptions of fascist-dominated countries. China employs them as swiftly as she employs Soviet armaments. Soviet films have never been permitted in India.

And Soviet audiences want to see films of their allies. Recut English documentaries are popular and England has herself sent over fifty short films with Russian commentary. Nicholas Napoli, of Artkino Pictures, is now concluding arrangements for the Soviet distribution of a large number of American films —the first result of the Conference on the American and British Cinema, recently held in Moscow.

THE attitude of Soviet films towards the war can be summed up in the statement recently received from the reappeared Dovzhenko: "The Soviet camera records the visual aspect of war completely and unflinchingly and the record is seen by all."

JAY LEYDA.

From the September "New Movies." Mr. Leyda edited and translated from the Russian, Sergei Eisenstein's "The Film Sense," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Ten Days

Alvah Bessie revisits this monument of Soviet film-making.

EISENSTEIN'S film masterpiece which he named for John Reed's great book, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* has been playing at the Fifty-Fifth Street Playhouse in New York, and may still be there when you read these words. Made in the late 1920's as a silent film *Ten Days* will stand forever as a monument of Soviet cinema art, whatever its shortcomings in the light of present film advances in both the Soviet Union and America. Eisenstein was and is a great director, a great artist. And the bedrock of the Soviet cinema's enormous appeal may be found in *Ten Days,* just as it is found in *The Girl from Leningrad.* That bedrock is a special way of looking at people and the events in which they participate; or better still, the way the Soviet cinema artists have of looking at historical events (or fictional events) through the medium of the people involved in them.

You will find that the film of *Ten Days* is somewhat scratched by now; that certain scenes are not as brilliantly lit as they would be today; that certain "takes" are too swift making the eye dance from one face to

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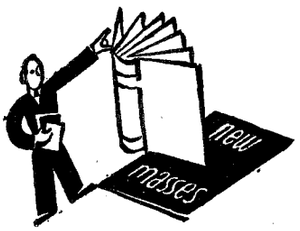
another. But you will have to agree that the mastery the great director has shown in so many films was present also in this early one.

The ten days, of course, covered the period from October 15 to October 25, 1917. In that time the world was shaken by events and the potentialities of those events. The central event was the emergence upon the scene of world history of the first socialist state, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. And what Eisenstein has attempted to compress within the scope of the camera eye are the personalities and forces of that time, the sense of how the October Revolution developed out of the period that preceded it, and came to fruition and success during the *Ten Days*.

It is a cliche to say that the events, as unrolled in this film, look like a newsreel. *All* Soviet films resemble newsreels, in the sense that their makers know how to achieve the verisimilitude of life-as-it-is-lived every time they assemble a cast of actors before a camera. It is the Soviet way of looking at the world that accounts for this consummate naturalism. And the immediacy this attitude achieves accounts for the profoundly moving qualities of so many of the Soviet Union's films, both major and minor.

In *Ten Days,* Eisenstein has compressed the following facts, and explained them in terms of human character, scene, action, the movement of vast crowds of people, setting, atmosphere. The overthrow of Czar Nicholas II; the arrival of Lenin at the Finland Station; the assumption of power by the provisional government of Kerensky; the rebellion of the Russian Army at the front and the people's demand for Bread, Peace, and Land; the people's discontent with the Provisional Government which was determined to carry on a senseless, brutal, and reactionary war; the careful preparation of the military rebellion, led by the Bolsheviks, and the storming of the Winter Palace, last stronghold of the Kerensky government; the Second Congress of the Soviets, and the arrival upon the podium of Lenin, who began his speech with the immortal words: "Comrades, the workers' and peasants' revolution, about the necessity of which the Bolsheviks have always spoken, has taken place."

All these personalities—Lenin, Kerensky, the Minister of Foreign Affairs—all these tumultuous and apparently chaotic events, are seen through the eyes of the people of Leningrad, then Petrograd. The camera moves about the city; from the Winter Palace to the prison where political prisoners are still held; from the Cabinet of Kerensky ministers to the cruiser *Aurora,* waiting in the river with its guns trained on the Winter Palace; from the boudoir of the women's Battalion of Death to Smolny Institute and back to the barricades before the palace; from the face of the vain Kerensky, looking at a statuette of Napoleon, to the face of a member of the Battalion of Death, looking at a reproduction of Rodin's sculpture, *The Kiss.* The film is crammed, in fact, with these significant details—details that illuminate character and



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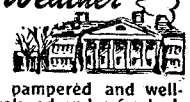

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motivation, as well as reveal the temper and the movements of the time.

Ten Days is impossible, as story, to describe. It is its total impact, compounded of innumerable revealing details, that makes it a masterpiece of art and a lasting document of historical interest. It makes you understand better why the Red Army and the Soviet people are able to accomplish apparently miraculous feats of resistance today.

ALVAH BESSIE.

★

SOME people never seem to learn. At least, to judge by *Vickie,* which is the work of S. M. Hertzig, Mr. Hertzig has not learned very much. It looks as though what Mr. Hertzig *wanted* to write was a successful farce comedy that would make a good pot of cash and possibly sell to the movies. But *Vickie* is about as far from a successful farce comedy as he could possibly have written.

The reasons are not hard to find. To simplify them, let us begin with the play's theme and main conflict. The theme is that women in war work (WAAC's, WAVE's, AWVS) are essentially ridiculous. The conflict is between Vickie, woman war-worker, and her husband, over her activities as a member of a woman's organization which the playwright did not even have the courage to call the AWVS. But this begging of the question is not important. What is important is that Mr. Hertzig thinks women in uniform are funny; and to carry the idea one step further, he thinks *women* are funny. In fact, he thinks they are ridiculous, helpless, stupid, bird-brained, but definitely to be petted, spoiled, and kept in their place.

Now in order not to be too sober-sided, let us admit that there is material for comedy in *certain* women who, when they put on a uniform, suddenly assume virtues they do not possess in civilian dress. So what? There may be material for comedy in this, but not for an entire play, farce, or otherwise. That was Mr. Hertzig's first mistake. His second was the inability—even granted he *had* the material for comedy (which is a very dubious assumption)—to make it funny on the stage. For all he has done is to bore his audience, annoy it, and wave the moth-eaten banner of male "superiority."

Also, he has poked nonsense at air raid wardens and first-aid classes. Surely it is not necessary at this late date to launch into a defense of women in civilian defense. It is necessary, however, to launch into an *offensive* against people—playwrights or otherwise—who subscribe, even in fun, to the Nazi doctrine of *Kirche, Kueche und Kinder.*

Vickie, by refusing even for an instant to grant the possibility that the women of America are competent to aid in the defense of their country, is a distinct detriment to the war effort. The efforts of Jose Ferrer and Uta Hagen, who are competent performers, and Charles Halton (who is more than competent) fail to lift *Vickie* from what it is—a *danse macabre*—onto the plane of life, however farcical.

A. B.

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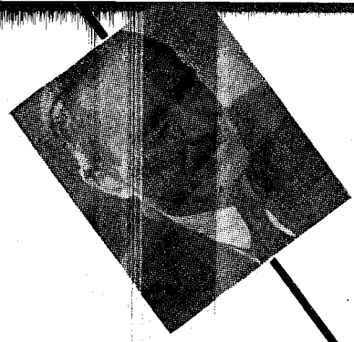

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